

# Newport Mercury

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## The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1798, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-second year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and the only one published in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns, filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable business and household departments. Recalling so many households in this and other cities, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

TERMS: \$2.00 a year in advance. Single copies in wrappers, 5 cents. Extra copies can be ordered by mail from the office of publication and all the various news rooms in the city. Specimen copies sent free, and special terms given advertisers by addressing the publisher.

### Societies, Occupying Mercury Hall

HOPE WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 205, Order Sons of the Sea, George A. Albion, Honorary, President; Fred Hall, Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

NEWPORT TENT, No. 18, Knights of Maccabees—Robert D. Wilkey, Commander; Charles H. Grinnell, Record Keeper. Meets 2nd and 4th Mondays.

COURT WASTON, No. 1072, Foresters of America—James Graham, Chief Ranger; Joseph J. Duane, Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—John T. Allen, President; Patrick F. Roy, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 2)—Mrs. C. Chesley, President; Mrs. J. H. Fennell, Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.

DAUGHTERS OF THE TRISTLE, No. 2—President, Mrs. Catherine Gifford; Secretary, Mrs. William Gifford. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—President, Mrs. Catherine Gifford; Secretary, Mrs. William Gifford. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

RECORDS LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—John W. Schwartz, Chancellor; Commander, Robert A. Franklin, Recorder of Records and Signs. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. M. K. of P.—Sir Knight, Captain, Sir David H. Harvey; James C. Wain, Recorder. Meets 1st Fridays.

CLAY LODGE, No. 161—John Yale, Chief; Alexander Richards, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.

## Local Matters.

### No Motor Boat Races.

The Newport Yacht Club has felt impelled to abandon the proposed motor boat meet which it had planned to hold during the middle of August. This action was not due to any lack of work on the part of the very efficient committee that had the affair in hand nor to want of co-operation among the citizens of Newport, but entirely to circumstances over which the club had no control. The races had been planned to follow the International races at Huntington, Long Island, in which many foreign boats were expected to enter. When the Huntington committee found that the English boats were not coming over, that race was abandoned, and the Newport committee immediately realized that under these circumstances it would be impossible to secure the crack racers for the events in Newport and, as they were not willing to have anything but the best it was decided to abandon the races for this year at least.

The committee has put in many hours of the hardest kind of work in arranging the affair and have had the hearty co-operation of yacht club members and citizens generally, as well as of the magazines devoted to boating. Many cups had been offered as trophies, and considerable money had been subscribed for the events. The committee voted to return the money that had been donated. It is hoped that another season may see an event of this nature successfully carried out in Narragansett Bay.

### New Hospital Building.

The plans for the new nurses' dormitory connected with the Newport Hospital are completed. They call for a handsome fire proof building and will accommodate about sixty people. The building will be erected on Broadway, corner of Friendship street, and will front on Broadway. Work will commence as soon as some of the preliminary arrangements now in process of completion are cared for, but it is not expected that the building will be ready for occupancy before another spring.

State Auditor and Insurance Commissioner Captain Charles C. Gray came to Newport on Tuesday with a party of officials of the Metropolitan Insurance Company of New York. After a spin around the Ocean Drive and through the principal streets of the city, the party dined at Gunther's and left for New York on the Fall River line. They were very enthusiastic about the beauty of Newport.

### Board of Aldermen.

The regular weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening was a busy one, bids being opened for repairs to the City Hall, and considerable other business being transacted. There were two absentees, Aldermen Cottrell and Shepley. There was quite a large attendance, consisting principally of bidders on the City Hall contract.

The first business was the opening of the bids, which were as follows:

Thomas Lucas, metal ceilings, \$493; A. J. McAdams, all repairs, \$3,440; metal ceilings, \$1,268; Robert A. Smith, all repairs, \$2,828; Wright Brothers, painting outside, \$305; Armstrong Hurley, all painting, \$1,200; J. B. F. Smith, repairs, \$1,950; painting, \$1,850; H. J. Dawick, all repairs, \$2,845; Benjamin B. Barker, all painting, \$1,840; James Melkie, mason work, \$925; Charles M. Hughes, all repairs, \$8,850.80, without painting \$1,098.80; Burdige Company, all repairs, \$3,285; Dorcy & Ward, painting \$1,930; F. J. Cornelius, painting, \$1,649; Alexander Booth, all repairs, \$2,761; Joseph T. Howard, all repairs, \$2,850; Hayman & Nelson, all repairs, \$3,107; J. J. Martin, mason work, \$900; Robert Woldgaten, all repairs, \$2,780.80; James T. Hathaway, painting, \$1,200.

There was a short discussion of the various bids, but as they were presented in such a diverse manner and it would require considerable figuring to decide which was the most advantageous for the city, it was decided to leave the matter until the next meeting.

The regular weekly bills and payrolls were approved and a number of minor licenses were granted. The appointment of two special police officers was approved. A petition for a gas light on Buteman avenue was laid on the table. The matter of putting up street signs was left to the committee that has the matter in charge.

The controversy over the delivery of gravel to the city was looked into, but no decision was reached. The method of measurement differed, and Contractor Dugan offered to settle the matter by allowing the city to take gravel from his wharf, paying for it after it is weighed on the city scales.

Mr. Gueling, superintendent of the Old Colony Street Railway Company's Illuminating department, stated that the company would allow the city to erect the proposed fire alarm whistle for Broadway on its barn on Vernon avenue and furthermore would furnish free of charge the electricity to run the motor. The offer was accepted and the chief engineer was directed to install the whistle immediately.

### Rev. Mr. Richards Resigns.

Rev. James Austin Richards tendered his resignation as pastor of the United Congregational Church at a meeting of the church on Wednesday evening. The official communication of his decision to accept the call to a Boston church was in the form of a letter which he read, afterward further explaining the matter in an informal way. The resignation is to take effect on August 15.

It was voted to appoint a committee consisting of A. Russell Manchester, Fred M. Hammett and Gardner S. Perry to co-operate with the pastor in calling an ecclesiastical council to terminate the pastorate, and another committee consisting of George A. Pritchard, W. H. Chapin, George H. Bryant, Mrs. R. J. Easton, Mrs. Walter S. Langley and Miss Annie Lee to prepare suitable resolutions regarding the departure of Mr. Richards.

Rev. Mr. Richards will go to the Mount Vernon Congregational Church of Boston, to which he has received a unanimous call. This is one of the very strongest Congregational churches in Boston and one of the most desirable from many points of view. Mr. Richards has occupied the pastorate of the Newport church for a little less than four years, and in that time he has made himself very popular both within the church and among the townspeople generally.

### Wanted in Illinois.

Gov. Dineen of Illinois has sent requisition papers to Gov. Pothier asking him to deliver to the officers of Illinois Philip M. Powers, alias Philip Preston Morse, who, according to the papers sent from Illinois, is being held at the Naval Training Station at Newport.

According to the requisition the accused is wanted in Illinois for obtaining money and goods by means of a confidence game. Later, the papers say, he enlisted in the Navy and was sent to Newport.

Mr. William O. Milne of this city has been elected president of Battery D Association, First Rhode Island Heavy Artillery, which served in the Civil War.

### Boston Excursions in August.

General Passenger Agent A. B. Smith of the New Haven road came to Newport on Wednesday to confer with the committee appointed by the representative council at its last meeting to see what might be done in the way of restoring the excursions from Boston over the New Haven road. The meeting was a most satisfactory one to all concerned, and before Mr. Smith left he promised that the road would run bi-weekly excursions during August and perhaps into September.

The sub-committee from the general committee, consisting of Mayor Boyle, ex-Mayor Garretson and Representative R. Livingston Beekman met Mr. Smith at the Mayor's office and had a long talk with him in regard to the matter of excursions. It was pointed out by the committee that Newport sustains considerable loss by cutting off these trains which have always been well patronized.

Mr. Smith was ready to explain the railroad's position very frankly. He said that it was the wish of the management to do away with excursion trains as much as possible for several reasons. In the first place there is always greater risk of accident than on regular trains, there is a shortage of cars and there is a great demand for the excursions from resorts that feel that they are slighted. The regular tickets between Boston and Newport are reduced to \$2.50 for the summer months and he thought it likely that the railroad would make nearly as much money without the excursions as with them.

He said that Newport had been cut out thus far this year simply for business reasons and not on account of any objection made by any director of the company. However, he agreed that bi-weekly excursions would be run to Newport in August. The company also proposed to run excursions here by steamer.

There was some talk about railroad connections at Fall River and Mr. Smith pointed out the difficulty in correcting that immediately. But the company is watching Newport and proposes to do all that it can to assist its development.

### Company is not Bankrupt.

Judge Baker held a special session of the Superior Court in the Court House in Newport on Saturday to give a hearing on the petition of Job A. Peckham et al to declare the Jamestown and Newport Ferry Company bankrupt and to appoint a temporary receiver to conduct the affairs of the company. Judge Burke conducted the case for the petitioners and William P. Sheffield and William R. Harvey for the respondents. The petitioners further asked that the books of the company be produced for examination.

Mr. Peckham was the first witness and was examined at considerable length. He is a stockholder in the company and said that there were two statements that he had not been able to see, but there appeared to be sufficient reason for that at the time. He did not say that he had positively been refused access to the books. Counsel for the company did not want to turn over the books as material found therein might be used against the company, but was willing to present them in court and this was later done. In the matter of bankruptcy Mr. Peckham testified that he had been told by an officer of losses sustained by the company.

Isaac H. Clarke, president and manager of the ferry company, was called and gave a statement of the assets and liabilities of the concern, showing total assets of \$105,075, and liabilities in notes and capital stock of \$91,900. C. E. Weeden, the company's treasurer, was also called to testify.

After the books had been presented and looked over by the petitioners, the hearing was continued in the afternoon, and at its conclusion Judge Baker announced that he would deny the prayer of the petitioners.

### Musical Recital.

Mr. and Mrs. Damon Lyon gave a musical and dramatic recital before a large and fashionable audience at Masonic Hall on Thursday evening. The various numbers on the programme being well received and several immense bouquets being presented to Mrs. Lyon. Mrs. Rooney rendered a number of solos in her usual effective manner, and Miss Marion Dowling presided at the piano.

Mr. Lyon rendered several baritone solos, each of which was greeted with enthusiastic applause. He also gave several humorous and dramatic readings and several funny stories, closing with the dramatic poem "Ole Joe" by request. Mrs. Lyon read "For the Glory of our Country," "Little Breeches" and "The Idyl of the Peril."

Mrs. James I. Bowler has been in Providence the past week visiting friends.

### Wedding Bells.

#### Cesar-Klug.

Miss Annie Marion King, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter King, and Mr. David C. Caesar were united in marriage at St. George's Church on Wednesday evening, the ceremony being performed by Rev. George Vernon Dickey, rector of the church, assisted by Rev. Gilbert W. Laidlaw, a former rector. There was a large gathering of relatives and friends to witness the ceremony. The interior of the church was very attractively decorated with palms, lilacs of the valley and rosebuds, the main aisle being marked with small bouquets attached to each pew. Mr. C. LeRoy Grinnell presided at the organ during the evening.

The bridal party consisted of the ushers, Messrs. William C. Foster of Providence, Harry R. Launders and Roderick McLeod of Newport, and Dr. Hamilton Klug of Joliet, Illinois; the bridesmaids, Miss Margaret Klug, Miss Martha Klug, and Miss Roberta Klug and Miss Jessie McInness of Worcester; the maid of honor, Miss Eliza Klug. The bride entered the church on the arm of her father, who gave her away. She was gown in embroidered white satin trimmed with duchess polka lace, and wore a long veil of real lace. She carried a shower bouquet of lilacs of the valley.

The bridal party was met at the church hall by the groom and his best man, Mr. James M. King of Joliet, Illinois.

After the ceremony there was a reception at the residence of the bride's parents on Powell avenue which was largely attended. The house was very attractively decorated for the occasion, and music was rendered by the Harry K. Howard orchestra. The guests were given an opportunity to inspect the many beautiful and valuable gifts received by the bride.

During the evening the employees of the Boston Store were entertained at a dance in Builders & Merchants Exchange, Mr. and Mrs. Caesar calling there for a few minutes after the reception at their home.

The newly married couple will reside on Gardner street upon their return from a two weeks' wedding trip.

#### Tom-Drury.

The marriage of Miss Helen Lawton Drury, daughter of Pay Director William E. Drury, to Lieutenant James Harvey Tomb, U. S. N., took place at Zabryski Memorial Church last Saturday noon and was a very brilliant affair. It was largely attended by members of the naval colony at Newport and the full dress uniforms of the officers with the handsome gowns of the ladies made a brilliant spectacle.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. William G. Cassard, chaplain at the Naval Training Station, assisted by Rev. Charles F. Beagle, rector of the church. The best man and ushers were all officers of the navy. The bridal party was composed of four bridesmaids and the maid of honor, the bride following, resting on the arm of her father, who gave her away. She wore a white satin gown with silver gauze, the waist being embroidered with lace, and a full veil caught up with orange blossoms.

After the ceremony at the church a reception was held at the residence of the bride's father, where music was rendered by the Howard orchestra and a collation was served. There were many handsome and valuable wedding gifts received by the bride.

### Newport County Association.

Hon. Robert S. Franklin, chairman of the Newport County Association, composed of members of the General Assembly and others, has issued notices of a luncheon at Rastons Beach in this city on Wednesday, August 4th. The dinner will be served at 12:30 o'clock. It is expected that Governor Pothier, Senator Wetmore, Congressman Capron, Sheffield, Speaker Burdard and other prominent members of the State and National Government will be present. At the conclusion of the dinner the Newport County members will provide conveyances to take the visitors around the Ocean Drive and to the places of interest about the city.

The Newport County Association was formed several years ago to include the Newport County delegation in the General Assembly. Its meetings proved so popular however that many others have been allowed to join, and it now numbers among its members a large number of members of the Legislature from other parts of the State as well as prominent citizens generally.

There were many people at the Beach last Sunday, the excursion from New Bedford bringing quite a number who immediately made their way there. The small claims on the Beach had been removed as rapidly as possible and the edge was not as bad as it has sometimes been.

### Recent Deaths.

#### Mrs. Henry C. Stevens.

Mrs. Henry C. Stevens died at the family residence on Washington square on Sunday afternoon after a short illness. Although she had reached an advanced age, her health had been very good until a few days before her death, when she suffered an attack of acute illness. After rallying from this and being apparently on the road to recovery she was again seized with illness to which she succumbed. An unusually sad feature of her death is that her son, Mr. Edward K. Stevens, has but recently sailed for Europe for a period of rest and study.

Mrs. Stevens was the wife of Mr. Henry C. Stevens, who has been for many years cashier of the Newport National Bank. She was a woman of true Christian character, being a friend to all who were in distress or affliction. She was an active member of the Unitarian Church and was connected with many of the working societies of the church. She was born in New Bedford but had resided in Newport nearly all her life. Mr. and Mrs. Stevens having celebrated their golden wedding five years ago.

Mrs. Stevens is survived by her husband and three sons, Messrs. Henry C. Stevens, Jr., Edward K. Stevens and William Stevens. She also leaves a brother, Mr. Charles F. Knight, who has made his home in Newport for several years.

Funeral services were held at the Channing Memorial Church on Wednesday afternoon and were attended by a large number of relatives and friends. The services were conducted by Rev. William Safford Jones, pastor of the church. There was a wealth of floral offerings.

Members of William Ellery Chapter, accompanied by a few guests, enjoyed a most delightful "picnic" at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. Alton Barker in Middletown on Thursday. There were about fifty present, and the time was passed pleasantly in any way that best suited the individuals. An excellent luncheon was served, each member providing a portion of the menu. Among those present was Mrs. Charles Warren Lippitt, State Regent of the D. A. R., and an honorary member of the chapter.

Miss Martha Mott Littlefield, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Irving P. Littlefield, and Mr. Bortram Chalmers Pierce were quietly married at the residence of Rev. Edward A. Johnson, D. D., on Thursday afternoon. The bride wore an attractive traveling suit of white serge, and was attended by her sister, Miss Annie Littlefield, as bridesmaid in a gown of pink organdy. She was given away by her father. Mr. and Mrs. Pierce left on the three o'clock train for a short wedding trip.

The will of Mrs. Henry A. Rice has been presented for probate in the Probate Court of Newport. Most of the property is bequeathed to relatives or personal friends, but there are a few bequests to charities in the city of Boston. Henry A. Rice, Jr., of Boston is named as executor, with Clark Burdick as agent in Rhode Island.

The wedding of Miss Harriet Nowell Cottrell, daughter of Hon. Robert C. Cottrell, to Mr. Ralph Randolph Barker, Jr., will take place at Trinity Church on Tuesday afternoon, August 10th, at 4 o'clock. A reception will be held at the residence of the bride, 42 Mann avenue, immediately after the ceremony at the church.

Mr. Henry M. Wilson, Middletown, who is quite an extensive fruit grower, has propagated a new raspberry which he has named the Wilson-Taylor raspberry. It is very large, the average being nearly one inch in length, and a very prolific grower. Mr. Wilson believes that with proper culture this fruit can be grown to enormous size.

Work on the United States collier Nero, which was wrecked off Brenton's point some weeks ago, still goes steadily on, and another attempt to pull her off will be made in a short time. She will be brought into Newport Harbor if she can be moved off the rocks.

Miss Helen Taft, daughter of President Taft, is spending a few days in Newport as the guest of Miss Eleanor Roelker at "Hawthurst" on Kay street. She will remain for several days and will attend the debut of Miss Roelker.

There was another ball game at Wellington Park in this city last Sunday, and it is evidently the intention to carry them right through the season. There was a large attendance and no interference by the police.

The estate left by the late O. H. P. Belmont is valued at \$1,091,935 net, on which there is an inheritance tax of \$10,910. He left all of his property to his widow, Mrs. Alva E. Belmont.

The Sunday School of the First Methodist Church held its annual picnic at Southwick's Grove on Tuesday.

### Middletown.

COURT OF PROBATE. The usual monthly meeting of the Court of Probate was held on Monday and the following estates passed upon.

Estate of Lucius Tuckerman. The petition of Paul Tuckerman to have filed and recorded an exemplified copy of the will of Lucius Tuckerman, as proved and allowed by the Surrogate's Court of the County and State of New York, was granted and letters testamentary on the estate in the State of Rhode Island were directed to issue to Paul Tuckerman and Bayard Tuckerman, as Executors, they first giving bond in the sum of \$500.00 with Charles H. Keehue, Jr., of Newport, as surety. This estate was represented by C. H. Keehue, Jr., as attorney.

Estate of MEYVILL BULL.—A paper purporting to be his last will and testament is presented by J. Stacey Brown of Newport and also the petition of Henry Bull, Jr. and others for its probate. The petition set out that William T. Bull who is named as Executor of the will had deceased since its execution, and prayed that Charles M. Bull and Thomas G. Brown be appointed administrators with the will annexed. Petition was referred to the third Monday of August with an order of notice.

IN TOWN COUNCIL.—Philip Caswell was authorized to contract with Scammon and Potter, for furnishing and placing the necessary fixtures at the town hall, preparatory to installing electric lights. The town appropriated \$125.00 for that purpose in April, 1908, but the matter has been in abeyance ever since, by reason of the refusal of the Old Colony street railway company to extend its electric light wire from the west main road to the town hall, there being but few houses on the East main road desiring to be furnished with electric light and not a sufficient number to warrant the expense of extending the line. Very recently the Company announced its willingness to continue its line to the town hall.

THE HEALTH OFFICER. Albert G. Brown and some members of the Council reported complaints from people residing near to Southwick Beach of offensive odors arising from the presence of an extended collection of dead fish and clams at the west end of this beach. The claims had been in evidence for several days, and occasionally the tide would bring in an additional quantity. For nearly two days, a team had been engaged carting away the claims, but the pile indicated only a slight diminution. This method was considered too expensive and some other was sought after. The Council took the matter under consideration and after receiving numerous suggestions as to what might be done to improve the situation, concluded to leave the matter with the Health Officer, for such action as he might decide best to take, in the premises, and he was authorized to expend, if necessary, \$100.00 in abating the beach nuisance.

The bond of Charles H. Ward, Town Treasurer, made in the sum of \$30,000.00, with A. Herbert Ward, Lyman H. Barker and W. Clarence Peckham, as sureties, was approved and ordered on file.

Joshua Coggeshall was granted an order on the dog fund for \$11.40, for damages done by dogs in killing his geese.

Through the kindness of Mr. Ira Wilbor of Newport, the annual picnic of the Methodist Episcopal Church has been held for a number of years in the lot owned by him on Indian avenue. As Mr. Wilbor entertains a great deal during the summer, a long table beneath large trees forms a convenient location for picnic dinners and barbecues; there is also spare room for outdoor games and large stone steps lead down the bank at the south, to the water's edge so there are opportunities for a variety of amusement. A comfortable hostess and many enjoy the privilege of her wide piazza which entirely surrounds the house. The picnic was held on Tuesday with an attendance of about 100.

Miss Frances H. Arnold is confined to her home on 8d Beach Road, and is being cared for by a trained attendant as the result of severe injuries caused by a fall some two weeks ago. While leaving a store in Newport her foot caught and she was flung with great violence to the sidewalk bruising and wrenching her arm and one leg. She was conveyed home in a friend's automobile and has since been quite helpless and a great sufferer. Her sister, Mrs. Arthur Rogers of Westerly, Conn., is with her for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Sherman, Jr., of Turner's Road, are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter on the 20th inst.

Judge Christopher M. Lee of Providence, formerly of Newport, lost some attractive plants in his yard this week, some mischievous person having deliberately destroyed them.

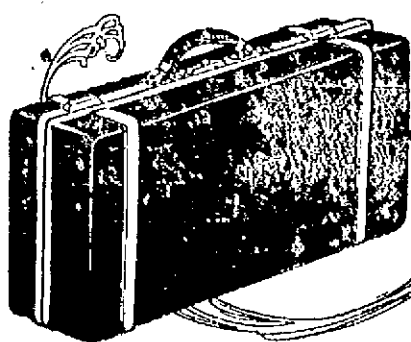
The millsters' union of Newport is considering the problem of Sunday baseball in Newport and it is possible that they may take some action looking to its abatement.

George F. Barker of the First National Bank of New York owns 42,000 shares, par \$2,100,000, of Lackawanna stock, worth today about \$325 a share, or say \$13,650,000.

Chief James R. Crowley of the Newport police force has been elected one of the vice presidents of the New England Association of police chiefs.

The weekly battalion drills at the Naval Training Station are attracting large numbers of visitors. They are well worth seeing.

It is claimed that every Boston excursion that comes to Newport leaves fifteen hundred dollars in the town.



# The BLACK BAG

By Louis Joseph Vance

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My Lady Romance has many attendants. Mainly they are clad in hauberk and helm, or they carry rapiers at their sides and swear strange oaths. But sometimes we encounter in the pages of a novel a genuine knight in modern broadcloth or in tweed, who speaks the language of our own day and may be met on Broadway or State street. Such is Philip Kirkwood, artist painter, whose adventures in pursuit of the mysterious black bag and whose heroic deeds in the service of his beautiful lady, love are worth the staying up late o' nights to read. To descend to the idiom of the day, "The Black Bag" is "the real thing" in the story line, thrilling, mysterious—but not too mysterious—and most interesting.

## CHAPTER I.

UPON a certain dreary April afternoon in the year of grace 1906 the apprehensions of Philip Kirkwood, Esq., painter, were enlivened by the discovery that he was occupying that singularly distressing social position which may be summed up succinctly in a phrase through long usage grown proverbial, "alone in London." Inevitably an extremist because of his youth, he had just turned twenty-five, he took no count of mitigating matters and would not have resented the suggestion that his case was anything but altogether deplorable and forlorn.

That he was not actually at the end of his resources went for nothing. He held the distinction a quibble, mockingly immaterial, like the store of guineas in his pocket, too insignificant for mention when contrasted with his needs. And his base of supplies, the American city of his nativity, whence, and not without a glow of pride in his secret heart, he was wont to register at foreign hostels, had been arbitrarily cut off from him by one of those accidents sardonically classified by insurance and express corporations as acts of God.

"Now, to one who has lived all his days serenely in accord with the dictates of his own sweet will, taking no thought for the morrow, such a situation naturally seems both appalling and intolerable, at the first blush. It must be confessed that, to begin with, Kirkwood drew a long and disconsolate face over his fix.

Then he resolutely shrugged it off and went in search of man's most faithful dumb friend—to wit, his pipe, the which, when found and filled, he lighted with a spill twisted from the envelope of a cable message.

"It's about time," he announced, watching the paper blacken and burn in the grate fire, "that I was doing something to prove my title to a living." And this was all his vocabulary to a vanished competence. "Anyway, I'm a sight better off than those poor devils over there. I really have a great deal to be thankful for now that my attention's drawn to it."

For the ensuing few minutes he thought it all over, soberly, but with a stout heart, standing at a window of his bedroom in the Hotel Pless, hands deep in trousers pockets, pipe fuming volubly, his gaze wandering out over a blurred infinitude of wet, shining roofs and sooty chimney pots.

There came a rapping at the door. Kirkwood removed the pipe from between his teeth long enough to say "Come in!" pleasantly.

The knob was turned, and the door opened. Kirkwood, sitting on one heel, behind, hesitated upon the threshold, a diminutive figure in the livery of the Pless pages.

"Mr. Kirkwood?" Kirkwood nodded.

"Gentleman to see you, sir." Kirkwood nodded again, smiling.

"Show him up, please," he said, but before the words were fairly out of his mouth a man stepped into the room.

"Mr. Brentwick?" Kirkwood almost shouted, jumping forward to seize his visitor's hand.

"My dear boy!" replied the latter, "I'm delighted to see you. Got your note an hour ago and came at once—you see."

"It was mighty good of you. Sit down, please. Here are cigars. Why, a moment ago I was the most miserable and lonely mortal on the foot-stool."

"I can fancy." The elder man looked up, smiling, at Kirkwood. "The management knows me," he offered explanation of his unceremonious appearance, "so I took the liberty of following on the heels of the bell boy, dear boy. And how are you? Why the anxious undertone I detected in your note?"

He continued to stare curiously into Kirkwood's face. At a glance this Mr. Brentwick was a man of tallish figure and rather slender, with a countenance thin and faded, a sensitive pink, out of which his eyes shone, keen, alert, humorous and a trace wistful behind his glasses. His years were indeterminate, with the aspect of fifty, the spirit and the verve of thirty assorted oddly. But his hands were old, delicate, fine and fragile, and the lips beneath the drooping white mustache at times trembled, almost imperceptibly, with the generous sentiments that came with mellow age. He held his back straight and his head with an air—an air that was not a swagger, but the sign of a seasoned experience in the world. The

most enraging could have found no flaw in the quiet taste of his attire. To sum up, Kirkwood's very good friend, and his only one then in London, Mr. Brentwick, looked and was an English gentleman.

"Why?" he persisted as the younger man hesitated. "I am here to find out. I thought I leave for the continent. In the meantime—"

"And at midnight I call for the States," added Kirkwood. "That is mainly why I wished to see you—to say goodbye for the time."

"You're going home?" A shadow clouded Brentwick's clear eyes.

"To fight it out, shoulder to shoulder, with my brethren in adversity." The cloud lifted. "That is the spirit!" declared the older man. "For the moment I did you the injustice to believe that you were running away. But now I understand. Forgive me, pardon, too, the stupidity which I must lay at the door of my advancing years. To me the thought of you as a Parisian figure has become such a commonplace, Philip, that the news of the disaster hardly stirred me. Now I remember that you are a Californian."

"I was born in San Francisco," affirmed Kirkwood, a bit sadly. "My father and mother were buried there."

"And your fortune?"

"I inherited my father's interest in the firm of Kirkwood & Vanderlip. When I came over to study painting I left everything in Vanderlip's hands. The business afforded me a handsome living."

"You have heard from Mr. Vanderlip?"

"Fifteen minutes ago," Kirkwood took a cablegram, still damp, from his pocket and handed it to his guest. Unfolding it the latter read:

Kirkwood, Pless, London.  
Stay where you are. No good coming back. Everything gone. No insurance. Letter follows. VANDERLIP.

"When I got the news in Paris," Kirkwood volunteered, "I tried the banks. They refused to honor my drafts. I had a little money in hand, enough to see me home, so I closed the studio and came across. I'm booked on the Minneapolis, sailing from Tilbury at daybreak. The boat train leaves at 11:30. I had hoped you might be able to dine with me and see me off."

In silence Brentwick returned the cable message. Then, with a thoughtful look, "You are sure this is what?" he queried.

"It's the only thing I can see."

"But your partner says—"

"Naturally he thinks that by this time I should have learned to paint well enough to support myself for a few months until he can get things running again. Perhaps I might."

Brentwick supported the presumption with a stooped gesture. "But have I

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was unctious and unimpressive, emanated from the figure.

"Mr. Kirkwood?"

Kirkwood nodded, with some effort recalling the name, so detached had been his thoughts since the disappearance of the page.

"Yes, Mr. Calendar?"

"Are you—ah—busy, Mr. Kirkwood?"

"Are you, Mr. Calendar?" Kirkwood's smile robbed the visitor of any flavor of inefficiency.

Encouraged, the man entered, promising that he would detain his host but a moment and readily surrendering hat and umbrella. Kirkwood, putting the latter aside, invited his caller to the easy chair which Brentwick had occupied by the fireplace.

"It takes the edge off the dampness," Kirkwood explained in deference to the other's look of pleased surprise at the cheerful bed of coals. "I'm afraid I could never get accustomed to life in a cold, damp room—or a damp, cold room—such as you Britishers prefer."

"It is grateful," Mr. Calendar agreed, spreading plump and well-cared-for hands to the warmth. "But you are mistaken. I am as much an American as yourself."

"Yes?" Kirkwood looked the man over with more interest, less matter of course courtesy.

He proved not unimpressing, this unclassifiable Mr. Calendar. He was dressed with some care, his complexion was good, and the fullness of his girth, emphasized as it was by a notable lack of inches, bespoke a nature genial, easy going and unbothered. His dark eyes, heavily lidded, were active, curiously at times with a subdued glitter, in a face large, round, pink, of which the other most remarkable features were a mustache, close trimmed, and showing streaks of gray; a chubby nose and duplicate chin. Mr. Calendar was, furthermore, possessed of a polished bald spot, girdled with a tangle of silvered hair—circumstances which lent some feeble distinction to a personality otherwise commonplace.

His manner might be best described as unctious, with assurance, as though he frequently found it necessary to make up for his unimpressive stature by assuming an unnatural habit of authority.

"So you knew I was an American, Mr. Calendar?" suggested Kirkwood.

"Saw your name on the register. We both hail from the same neck of the woods, you know."

"I didn't know it, and—"

"Yes, I'm from Frisco too."

"And I'm sorry."

Mr. Calendar passed five fat fingers nervously over his mustache, glanced alertly up at Kirkwood, as if momentarily inclined to question his tone, then again stared glumly into the fire, for Kirkwood had maintained an attitude purposefully colorless. Not to put too fine a point upon it, he believed that his caller was lying. The man's appearance, his mannerisms, his voice and enunciation, while they might have been American, seemed all un-Californian. To one born and bred in that state, as Kirkwood had been, her tones are unmistakably hall marked.

Now, no man lies without motive. This one chose to reaffirm, with a show of deep feeling: "Yes, I'm from Frisco too. We're compatriots in misfortune."

"I hope not altogether," said Kirkwood politely.

Mr. Calendar drew his own inferences from the response and mustered a show of cheerfulness. "Then you're not completely wiped out?"

"To the contrary, I was hoping you were less unhappy."

"Oh, then you are?"

Kirkwood lifted the cable message from the mantel. "I have just heard from my partner at home," he said, with a faint smile, and quoted: "Everything gone. No insurance."

Mr. Calendar pursed his plump lips, whistling inaudibly. "Too bad, too bad!" he murmured sympathetically. "We're all hard hit, more or less."

He lapsed into dejected apathy, from which Kirkwood, growing at length impatient, found it necessary to rouse him.

"You wished to see me about something else, I'm sure."

Mr. Calendar started from his reverie. "Eh? I was dreaming. I beg pardon. It seems hard to realize, Mr. Kirkwood, that this awful catastrophe has overtaken our beloved metropolis."

The canting phrases worried Kirkwood. Abruptly he cut in: "Would a sovereign help you out, Mr. Calendar? I don't mind telling you that's about the limit of my present resources."

"Pardon me," Mr. Calendar's moon-like countenance darkened. He assumed a transparent dignity. "You misconstrue my motive, sir."

"Then I'm sorry."

"I am not here to borrow. On the other hand, quite by accident I discovered your name upon the register downstairs, a good old Frisco name, if you will permit me to say so. I thought to myself that here was a chance to help a fellow countryman?"

Calendar paused interrogatively. Kirkwood remained interested, but silent. "If a passage across would help you, I—I think it might be arranged," stammered Calendar, ill at ease.

"It might," admitted Kirkwood speculatively.

"I could fix it so that you could go over—first class, of course—and pay your way, so to speak, by rendering us, me and my partner, a trifling service."

"Ah?"

"In fact," continued Calendar, warming up to his theme, "there might be something more in it for you than the passage if—if you're the right man, the man I'm looking for."

"That, of course, is the question."

"Eh?" Calendar, pulled up suddenly in a full winged flight of enthusiasm.

Kirkwood eyed him steadily. "I said that it is a question, Mr. Calendar, whether or not I am the man you're looking for. Between you and me and the ladies, I don't believe I am. Now, if you wish to name your price, you give, this trifling service I'm to render in recognition of your benevolence, you may."

"Yes," slowly. But the speaker delayed his reply until he had surveyed his host from head to foot with a glance both critical and appreciative.

He saw a man in whom he might

find a friend in whom he might

find a friend in whom he might

find a friend in whom he might

find a friend in whom he might

find a friend in whom he might

than the stock size six feet so much to demand by the manufacturers of broad- ous heroes of fiction—a man a bit

erously shouldered, too, but otherwise sturdily built, self contained, well groomed.

Kirkwood wore a bay's honest face. No one has ever called him handsome. A few prejudiced persons have decided that he has no interesting countenance. The proponents of this verdict have been, for the most part, females. Kirkwood himself has been heard to declare that his features do not fit. In the essence the statement is true, but there is a very real, if undelusive, engaging quality in their very irregularity. His eyes are brown, pleasant, set wide apart, straightforward of expression.

Now, it appeared that, whatever his motive, Mr. Calendar had acted upon impulse in sending his card up to Kirkwood. At all events, this Calendar proved not lacking in penetration. Men of his stamp are commonly endowed with that quality to an eminent degree. Not slow to reckon the caliber of the man before him, the heaven of intuition began to work in his ad- 1 pose intelligence. He owned himself baffled.

"Thanks," he concluded pensively; "I reckon you're right. You won't do, after all. I've wasted your time—adieu, too."

"Don't mention it."

Calendar got heavily out of his chair, reaching for his hat and umbrella. "Permit me to apologize for an unwarrantable intrusion, Mr. Kirkwood."

He faltered. A worried and calculating look shadowed his small eyes. "I was looking for some one to serve me in a certain capacity."

"Certain or questionable?" propounded Kirkwood blandly, opening the door.

"Politely Mr. Calendar ignored the imputation. "Sorry I disturbed you. Good-night, Mr. Kirkwood."

"Goodby, Mr. Calendar." A smile twinkled the corners of Kirkwood's too wide mouth.

Calendar stepped hastily out into the hall. Kirkwood closed the door and the incident signally disappeared with a smart bang of finality. Laughing quietly, he went back to the window, with its dreary outlook, how the dreamer for lengthening evening shadows.

"I wonder what his game is, anyway. An adventurer, of course. The woods are full of 'em. A queer fish, even of his kind. And with a trick up his sleeve as queer and devious as himself, no doubt."

CHAPTER II.

THE assumption seems not unwarrantable that Mr. Calendar figuratively washed his hands of Mr. Kirkwood. Unquestionably Mr. Kirkwood considered himself well rid of Mr. Calendar. When the latter had gone his way, Kirkwood, mindful of the fact that his boat train would leave St. Pancras at 11:30, set about his packing and dismissed from his thoughts the incident created by the fat adventurer and at 8 o'clock or thereabouts let himself out of his room, dressed for the evening, a light raincoat over one arm, in the other hand a cane, the drizzle having ceased.

A stolid British lift carried him down to the ground floor of the establishment in something short of five minutes. Pausing in the office long enough to settle his bill and leave instructions to have his luggage conveyed to the boat train, he received with entire equanimity the affable benediction of the clerk, in whose eyes he still figured as that radiant creature, an American millionaire, and passed on to the lobby, where he surrendered hat, coat and stick to the cloakroom attendant ere entering the dining room.

The hour was a trifle early for a London dinner, the handsome room but moderately filled with patrons. Kirkwood absorbed the fact unconsciously and without displeasure. The earlier the better, he was determined to consume his last civilized meal (as he chose to consider it) at his serene leisure, to live fully his ebullient moments in the world to which he was born, to drink to his clothing, dress one ultimate draft of luxury.

With a deferential flourish the waiter brought him the menu card. He had served in his time many an American millionaire; he had also served this Mr. Kirkwood, and respected him as one exalted above the run of his kind in that he comprehended the art of dining.

Fifteen minutes later the waiter departed rejoicing, his order complete. To distract a conscience whispering of extravagance Kirkwood lighted a cigarette.

The room was gradually filling with later arrivals. It was the most favored restaurant in London, and despite the radiant costumes of the women its atmosphere remained sedate and restful.

A cab clattered down the side street on which the window opened.

At a nearby table a woman laughed, quietly happy. Incuriously Kirkwood glanced her way. She was bending forward, smiling, scattering her escort with the adoration of her eyes. They were lovers alone in the wilderness of the crowded restaurant. They seemed very happy.

Kirkwood was conscious of a strange pang of emotion. It took him some time to comprehend that it was envy.

He was alone and lonely. For the first time he realized that no woman had ever looked upon him as the woman at the adjoining table looked upon her lover. He had found time to worship but one mistress—his art.

And he was renouncing her.

He was painfully conscious of what he had missed, had lost or had not yet found—the love of woman.

The sensation was curious, now, unique in his experience.

His cigarette burned down to his fingers as he sat pondering. Abstractedly, he ground its fire out in an ash tray.

The waiter set before him a stygian tureen, covered.

He sat up and began to consume his soup, scarce doing it justice. His dream troubled him—his dream of the love of woman.

From a little distance his waiter regarded him with an air of disappointment. In the course of an hour and a

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.

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JOHN F. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.  
Office Telephone 131  
House Telephone 1030

Saturday, July 24, 1909.

A great many fool things are said just now about the tariff and those members of Congress who are working hard to complete their job before the summer is over.

The tariff conference seem to have made but little progress this week. Still it is believed that within another week an agreement will be reached on all of the schedules and that the bill will be passed by both House and Senate and signed by the President.

General Hancock, then a candidate for President, said that the tariff was a local issue and all the world laughed. The world today has an otacular demonstration that the General was right. Each section of the United States wants its own articles of produce protected and all other goods to be free. Human nature the world over is selfish.

The fight for better observance of the laws goes merrily on at Narragansett Pier. Prominent New Yorkers who are summer residents at the Pier have taken a hand in the matter and are determined to have the law enforced. The Pier has been a wide open place for many years, but this year the law in regard to liquor selling has been more openly violated than ever before.

The work of resurfacing Broadway has gone on rapidly this week and it looks as though the tar and gravel might make a good covering. After Broadway and Spring street are done, it might be well to apply the same material to Thames street. The noise at any rate would be decreased by it. The noise now is almost unbearable. If this tar and gravel could be used it would make a smooth surface and the noise would be greatly lessened.

The free-traders and those who want free trade in the particular article they are interested in are kicking very hard against the so-called "industrialists" which they are pleased to call the Aldrich-Payne bill. They kicked just the same some years ago when the McKinley bill was passed and later when the Dingley bill was under consideration. They were sorry afterwards that they kicked so soon for both of these bills brought great prosperity to the country, and the attempt at repeal of the McKinley bill by the Cleveland administration brought on a long period of business depression.

The successful opening of the McAdoo tunnel from New York to Jersey City Monday deserved the enthusiastic demonstration that welcomed the first cars. The trip was made in three minutes and now passengers can cross the river in spite of fog, storm, ice, or any other natural obstacles. The trains run once in every three minutes, so that the communication is practically continuous. Mr. McAdoo, who has conducted this great work, announces as the policy under which it will be run, "The public be pleased!" This is revolutionary. It remains to see how the people will behave under such novel conditions.

**The Casino and the Public.**

The Providence Journal on Wednesday had a two column article on its first page about a contest between the citizens of Newport and the stockholders of the Casino over the closing of the doors of that institution to excursionists and others who are not regular patrons. It is strange the people of Newport know nothing about such a controversy until told about it by an out of town paper. The "clash" so vividly portrayed by the Journal is all in the imagination of that reporter, who came down here hunting for news which he did not get, and so tries to make the readers believe that Newport is on the verge of a riot over the action of a private corporation in deciding that its property is for the use of its owners. The great stress laid by this out of town paper on the great attraction of the Casino for excursionists is a piece of buncombe. Not one in a thousand of the people who come here ever see the inside of the Casino. That fifty cents admission looks too large in their eyes to be parted with for the little there is to be seen in the Casino grounds. The Newport Casino like any other private institution belongs to its stockholders and the stockholders have the right to make any arrangements they please for its management, and were the matter not stirred up by outside parties and papers no one in Newport would consider himself in any way injured by the action of the governors in deciding to admit only subscribers. Only on certain occasions have Newporters been in the habit of visiting the Casino in any numbers and those occasions are still open to all who have the price of admission and are willing to part with it.

As for Easton's Beach to which the Journal writer alludes we know of no disposition to interfere with the present season while their lease runs, but we hope that the time is not far distant when this valuable asset to Newport's summer pleasure will have more attractions for the people and be made what it should be, an attractive and interesting play ground for the whole world or that part of it within easy riding distance of the Beach.

**Increase of Suicide.**

Suicide is increasing in New York state. In 1907 the number of people who took their own lives was 1,207. Last year it was 1,400. In 1907 the monthly average was a fraction over 100. For the first five months of 1909 it was 124. The increase is in the upper part of the state, the number of suicides in New York city having been smaller in the first five months of this year than in the corresponding period last year. In Buffalo there has been an increase of 17, almost 50 percent. The decrease in New York city was in Manhattan, Richmond and Queensborough. In Brooklyn and the Bronx more people committed suicide in January, February, March, April and May this year than in those months last year. Statistics received by the state department of health show that shooting is the favorite method employed in voluntary taking off. It appeared to 450 people last year. Poison was preferred by 297, hanging by 272 and asphyxiation by 281. Fifty-nine persons chose drowning and fifty-eight jumped from high places.

**Water Transportation.**

Transportation by water is the latest subject reported on by Commissioner of Corporations Smith, of the Department of Commerce and Labor. In a letter to the President transmitting the first part of his report, Mr. Smith says that while river and canal traffic is now insignificant as compared with rail traffic, the inland waterways may be made of much more use under a general plan, and that they may be enabled to secure a far larger proportion of the country's traffic than at present. It appears that \$250,000,000 was appropriated by Congress for inland water improvements up to 1907, but that from the beginning there has been very little co-operation between the central and the local authorities, and as a result there has been a lack of uniformity and of comprehensive plan, as well as of any proportionate contribution from the localities benefited.

**Directorships.**

The big men of New York hold directorships in many corporations, at least many of them do. The richest one of the lot, however, is a director in only one company; that is John D. Rockefeller, and his directorship is in the Standard Oil Co. There is a list of a few of those well known in Newport and the number of directorships they hold.

J. J. Astor	14	Howard Gould	13
Geo. F. Baker	11	Daniel Guggenholms	11
August Belmont	10	Wm. H. Vanderbilt	10
E. C. Bernheim	9	E. H. Harriman	9
W. C. Brown	8	St. C. Mellen	8
A. A. Carnegie	7	J. C. Hill	7
A. A. Clark	6	W. A. Hewitt	6
Dwight Clarke	5	J. P. Morgan	5
S. P. Colt	4	J. P. Morgan, Jr.	4
G. M. Dewey	3	Paul Morton	3
Robert Goetz	2	W. H. Overman	2
Edwin Gould	2	Geo. W. Perkins	2
Frank J. Gould	1	Norman B. Reed	1
J. D. Rockefeller, Jr.	1	J. D. Rockefeller	1
Percey A. Rockefeller	1	Jas. Stillman	1
Wm. G. Rockefeller	1	H. A. T. Twombly	1
Wm. G. Rockefeller	1	A. G. Vanderbilt	1
H. H. Rogers, Jr.	1	Corneilus Vander-	1
S. V. Rogers	1	bill	1
Thos. E. Ryan	1	W. W. Vanderbilt	1
G. M. Schwab	1	Jr. K. Vanderbilt	1
T. P. Shonks	1	W. K.	1
Geo. J. Gould	1	Geo. Westinghouse	1

**Middletown.**

Mrs. C. E. Delmaster has been entertaining Mrs. Edith Griffith of Fitchburg, Mass., at the Methodist parsonage. During the services on Sunday at the M. E. Church, Mrs. Griffith sang a solo in the afternoon, "A Dream of Paradise," and in the evening the duet, "The Invisible Land."

Some 30 of the friends and neighbors of Mr. and Mrs. Julian F. Peckham (Miss Florence Smith) gave them a surprise party last Friday evening at the home of Mr. Peckham's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Peckham on Paradise avenue. The party quietly met at a neighbors and about eight o'clock surrounded the house. The evening was spent in games and music and refreshments were served.

The Junior chapter of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, which was organized this spring by Rev. Frederick W. Goodman in the parish of Holy Cross Chapel, went into camp Tuesday. They have established three tents in the vicinity of White Cap Cottage, Portsmouth, and expect to remain 10 days.

Rev. John T. Huntington, rector of Christ Church, Hartford, Conn., will conduct the services for the day on Sunday at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel. He will be assisted by his son-in-law, Rev. F. J. K. Alexander, who with his wife, are guests of Professor Huntington at his summer cottage on Indian avenue. Rev. and Mrs. Alexander have recently returned from Europe.

The day was cool and clear and was much enjoyed by all present. Dinner was served at noon and late in the afternoon there was also ice cream and cake. It was interesting to note that while the young people (down to an 11 months old baby) were largely represented, a number of the elder generation were also present. Of this latter number, Mrs. Sarah Chase, mother of Mr. Arthur Chase of Paradise avenue, was the eldest, being 85. In spite of her advanced age, which was the result of a broken hip last fall owing to an accident she still remains energetic and interested in everything going on in the world. She gets about very slowly by the aid of cane and in travelling, is carried about in her chair. It was a great pleasure to her to meet with many old friends.

The Client—How much will your opinion be worth in this case?  
The Lawyer—I'm too modest to say. But I can tell you what I'm going to charge you for it.—Cleveland Leader.

"What is the meaning of the word 'lukewarm'?" asked the teacher.  
"Water is lukewarm when it looks warm and isn't!"

"How did Tom manage to get so much of his uncle's estate?"  
"He married his lawyer's only daughter."—Boston Globe.

A kindness done to the good is never lost.—Plautus.

**The Rhode Island Coal Co.**

The following statements in regard to the new enterprise at the Portsmouth coal mines are sent out by the company. This company, of which Mr. Henry M. Whitney is president and Mr. Eugene M. Foss, a director and large stockholder, have acquired the mining rights of about four thousand acres of land in Portsmouth, Rhode Island, on which are the mines that thirty or forty years ago were worked, and the coal taken therefrom used for smelting copper and iron ores in a limited way for domestic uses. Portsmouth is believed to be the centre of coal deposits of the Narragansett basin, concerning which the late Professor N. B. Shaler states as follows: "There is a very large amount of coal in this basin. Although there is no basis of reckoning the total quantity with any degree of accuracy, there can be little doubt that it is to be estimated by the hundred million tons."

**THE BLOSS PROCESS.**

The coal has hitherto not been a success as a domestic fuel, owing to the fact that it has been difficult to ignite it. But within a few years a process for treating the coal has been discovered called the "Bloss Process," which when applied to the coal causes it to ignite quickly and burn freely. The Bloss process as applied to the Rhode Island Coal is somewhat similar in its effect on its values as the discovery of the Cyanide and other processes for treating low-grade gold, copper and other metallic ores.

Mr. Henry J. Williams, the well-known coal expert, of Boston, says in regard to the coal.

"I have now studied the application of the process to Rhode Island Coal for about fifteen months, in that time conducting a great many experiments on a small scale with ordinary stoves and on a large scale with boilers, and in all cases the treatment results in making a coal, which, in its natural state, is practically incumbrable, turns into a particularly satisfactory manner, both for heating purposes and for making steam."

The company are now engaged in pumping the water out of the mine and expect to be ready for mining the coal by the first of October or November. We understand their estimate is that each of these two shafts is capable of being worked to the extent of about fifteen hundred tons of coal per day.

"They expect to be mining not less than one hundred tons per day by the first of January, increasing the quantity from day to day, so that by the end of the second month they would be mining at the rate of two hundred tons per day, and so on from day to day, until the maximum capacity of both shafts is reached, say three thousand tons per day."

**FOR GAS ENGINES.**

The coal seems well adapted for use in gas engines, several quite satisfactory tests having been made for the purpose of establishing its value in this connection.

The status of coal are said to be about an average thickness of six feet, free from state or other impurities, and hence very cheaply mined. They expect to be able to put coal on the cars at a cost of not exceeding \$2 per ton. They have a route of freight to Providence, Taunton, New Bedford and Fall River, of 50 cents a ton. It goes without saying that if the company can place antitoxic coal of good quality at the above places at a cost of \$2.50 per ton, the company will realize a very large profit from the sale of its product.

The proposition is in other ways interesting to the general public since it opens the possibility of establishing a large power plant at the mines, for the production of electric power for general distribution to the towns and cities far and near in New England.

Mr. Henry M. Whitney is generally credited with being a good business man, and his conviction with the Dominion Coal Company has given him some experience in coal mining. If he is correct in his estimate for this enterprise, it promises to add much to the economic resources of New England, and, therefore, of general interest. And furthermore promises to be very profitable to the stockholders of the company.

**STEEL SHIPS FOR TARGETS**

Two Are Being Pushed to Completion at Boston Navy Yard

Boston, July 23.—Work is being rushed at the local navy yard under special orders from the navy department at Washington upon two steel vessels of a new type which are to be used as targets for the American battleship fleet.

Dissatisfaction with the present style of triangular target has led to a more endurable type to consist of a steel vessel 125 feet long, 13 feet beam and 15 feet draft, with 17 water tight compartments which must all be riddled with shot before the vessel will sink.

Two such vessels must be ready at the Charlestown yard within twenty-one days, one for the use of the Asiatic squadron at Cavite, P. I., and the other to be used by the North Atlantic squadron.

**INFANTS AS WEAPONS**

Gypsies Batter Little Ones to Death in Fight on Brooklyn Pier

New York, July 23.—Using their babies as clubs, a score of South American gypsies on Pier A, South Brooklyn, tried to beat off a half-dozen immigration inspectors who had been ordered to deport them.

When at last the mob was subdued and the frenzied gypsies driven on board the boat which was to take them to the South American port, three of the babies whom the party had used as clubs hung limp in their arms. From the observation of those on the pier the babies had in all probability been killed by their fathers and brothers, who had been using them as clubs to beat off the federal agents.

Taft's Position Endorsed  
Boston, July 21.—A telegram to President Taft endorsing his position in relation to free raw material was adopted by unanimous vote at the first business session of the National Leather and Shoe Finders' association at the Shoe Fair building.

What the eye sees not the heart sees not.—Hugo.

**Washington Matters.**

President Taft Favors Reduction of Duty on Lumber—Also Favors Free, Raw Materials—No Danger of Necessity for Veto—General Misunderstanding of Corporation Tax—Notes.

From Our Own Correspondent.  
Washington, D. C., July 22, 1909.

President Taft has taken a determined stand for free iron ore, free hides, free coal and free petroleum and for the reduction of the duty on lumber to one half the Dingley rate, that is to one dollar a thousand feet. He has won the support of the conference on the tariff bill for these reductions and he is now engaged in bringing into line those members of the Senate and the House who, for selfish and local reasons, have opposed tariff revision downward. When the President made clear to the Senate and House conference his views on these schedules they told him they would readily consent and would report a bill in accordance with his wishes but that they feared the conference report containing these reductions, would be rejected by the Senate and possibly by the House. The President told them he could take care of those who would reject the conference report because it contained too much downward revision and they expressed a wish that he do so.

It has become known to the members of both houses that the President had taken a stand in favor of these free raw material and a number of them proposed to go to the White House and enter a protest. When they asked for an interview it was promptly accorded and twenty-two members of the House, led by Representative Young of Michigan, called to protest against what they termed the un-Republican ideas of Mr. Taft. The delegation included Representatives Young, of Michigan, Barshfield, of Tennessee, and Hays of Pennsylvania, Gaines, of Virginia, Hubbard and Woodward of West Virginia, Southwick of New York, Klunk of New Jersey, Keffer, Johnson and Kennedy of Ohio, Cowles, Grant and Thomas of North Carolina, Slem of Virginia, Hayes of California, Mondell of Wyoming, Austin of Tennessee and Langley and Edwards of Kentucky. They all protested against one or more of the reductions advocated by Mr. Taft. He expressed his views in no uncertain terms. He told them that as titular head of the Republican party, and as President, with the whole people for his constituents, he possessed a broader viewpoint than that of a single member of Congress with respect to articles produced in his own district. The President said too, that he felt strongly the call of the country for downward revision within the limits of the protective principle and he hoped to be able to respond to that call as he heard it, as well in the interests of the party as of the country. He assured his callers that his influence would be exerted in favor of free petroleum, free coal, free iron ore and free hides.

The President's declaration will doubtless give rise to many unwarranted reports regarding a veto of the tariff bill etc. The President does not believe there is the slightest danger that he will be confronted with a situation which will demand a veto. He is convinced that the people are with him in his demand for lower duties and he believes that now he has made it clear that he favors these reductions the voters all over the country will write their Senators and Representatives and urge them to stand by the President. If they will do this there is no doubt of a satisfactory revision of the tariff and of the early adoption of the conference report, followed by the immediate adjournment of Congress.

In entering the fight over the tariff schedules the President feels that he is only doing his duty and that he is in no way detracting from the glory of Congress. He has maintained a "hands off" policy in all regards until the party leaders have come to him and urged him to take a hand, but now that he has put his shoulder to wheel he will not turn back. He will exert all his influence to make good the party pledges confident that in so doing he will earn the gratitude and approval of the whole people, almost regardless of party affiliations.

So many erroneous reports regarding the tax on the net earnings of corporations have found their way into the public prints that, even at the risk of repeating facts which have been fully and accurately stated in these letters from the first, it seems wise again to state the truth. The corporation tax will be adopted by the conference and only the failure of the entire tariff bill can prevent its adoption by both houses of Congress. There has never been any doubt on this score among well informed persons since that conference which took place at the White House on the evening of June 22, with the Republican members of the Finance committee, the Speaker and Representative Payne and Dwight present. These men then assured the President that they would accomplish the acceptance of the corporation tax by their respective houses.

**Weather Bulletin.**

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Washington, D. C., July 22, 1909.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent July 21 to 25, warm wave 20 to 24, cool wave 23 to 27. This disturbance was expected to bring moderate weather conditions with less rainfall than during preceding weeks of the month. Storm forces were expected to be moderate, increasing after July 21. Last disturbance of July will reach Pacific coast about 27, cross Pacific slope by close of 28, great central valleys 29 to 31, eastern states August 1. Warm wave will cross Pacific coast about July 27, great central valleys—longitude 105 to 85—about 29, eastern states 31. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about July 30, great central valleys Aug. 1, eastern states 3.

In many features this disturbance will be of unusual importance. The cool wave due to cross continent July 26 to 30 will bring unusually low temperatures, preceded by light rains. The cool wave will be caused by an extensive high barometer with clearing weather, and a few days of quite pleasant weather.

As this last disturbance of July approaches a great hot wave will sluggishly move eastward across the continent and we may expect another heated term. Excessive rains may not be expected and in many localities some anxiety will be felt for want of rain.

Not much rain is expected last week of July on any part of the continent but as a rule good crop weather will prevail, particularly for corn and the northwestern spring wheat. The hot wave last week of July will be good corn, cotton, wheat and flax growing weather.

As August crop weather will have such a great influence on all crops that

minute during and after that month I have concluded to go over the calculations again. My crop weather calculations were made last December and I have learned some valuable things about making the calculations since then.

By publishing my general forecasts of crop weather next week I will have time to make calculations of the September frosts which might have much to do with the maturing crops. Corn, cotton, spring wheat and flax are largely dependent on August crop weather, and the first three on September frosts. You may look for these forecasts in my bulletin dated July 23.

The great comet is showing up in splendid form but can be seen only through the large telescope. It is building another house for the habitation of animal life and some millions of years hence will have rounded its orbit, quieted its atmosphere and become one of the family of planets that will continue on through eternity in its ceaseless revolutions around the sun.

"Yes, my friend, I was about to marry the capless when I suddenly learned that she spent more than \$50,000 marks a year on her dressmaker."

"Then what did you do?"  
"Why, I married the dressmaker."

"Some men are born great." Yes, but gracious, how some of them do shrink!—London Tit-Bits.

The highest compact we can make with our fellow is, let there be truth between us forevermore.—Emerson.

**WEEKLY ALMANAC**

STANDARD TIME

	Sun	Sun	Mon	High	Water
21 Sat	4 53 17	2 11 17	12 10	12 50	
22 Sun	4 49 17	2 23 11	11 41	6 38	1 33
23 Mon	4 50 7	2 22 10	11 21	2 01	2 28
24 Tues	4 51 7	2 21 9	11 8	5 50	2 29
25 Wed	4 52 7	2 20 9	10 49	5 56	4 11
26 Thurs	4 53 7	2 19 1	10 4	5 47	6 00
27 Fri	4 54 7	2 18 2	9 58	5 38	6 50

Full Moon, 21 day, 7h. 17m., morning.  
Last Quarter, 10th day, 1h. 58m., morning.  
New Moon, 17th day, 6h. 41m., morning.  
First Quarter, 24th day, 6h. 55m., morning.

**A Small Farm For Sale**

Close to Trolley Line

I have for sale a very desirable small farm of about 6 1/2 acres, with new frame cottage, in Middletown. This place is very close to trolley and well situated. Fine spring of water. An excellent place for an early vegetable and poultry farm. Price \$3,750. Apply at once to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,  
REAL ESTATE AGENT,  
132 Bellevue Avenue  
Newport, R. I.

**Deaths.**

In this city, 18th inst., Abby A., wife of Henry C. Stevens, in her 78th year.  
In Sunderland, 17th inst., Byron H. Lawrence, in his 49th year.  
In Bristol, 15th inst., Susan T. Smith, in her 76th year.  
At the Soldiers' Home, Bristol, 19th inst., Peter H. Brown, in his 71st year.  
In Anthony, 21st inst., Lydia, widow of John Remington, in her 81st year.  
In Providence, 21st inst., Ann H. Whipple, in her 73rd year.  
In Providence, on the 18th inst., Grayville H. Badgley, son of the late James R. and Mary E. Badgley, in the 63th year of his age.

**CURE SICK HEAD**

Sick headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Headaches, Distress after eating, pain in the side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

**ACHE**

Is the back so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.  
Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.  
Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

**SHOES**

FOR EVERY NEED, AT

THE

**T. Mumford Seabury**

COMPANY,

214 Thames Street.

OLDSMOBILE.

The Olds Motor Works

have cancelled their Agency with the Davis Auto Co., of Providence,

and have made us their

STATE AGENTS.

Wear now ready to give demonstrations. Catalogues sent upon request.

THE PELEG BROWN CO.,  
Colonial Garage,  
NARRAGANSETT PIER, R. I.  
5-2-2m

**WANTED**

SUCCESSFUL boarding house keeper to hire or manage successful country hotel.

W. G. PECKHAM,  
Westfield, N. Y.

**FRENCH CABINET DOWN AND OUT**

Clemenceau Tumbles Into an

Awkward Political Blunder

MAKES ATTACK ON DELCASSE

Bitter Words Pass Between Old Enemies When Premier Drags Into Naval Debate a Delicate Chapter of France's Foreign Policy—End of Stormy Session of Deputies Finds Government in the Minority

Paris, July 21.—The Clemenceau cabinet fell suddenly last night under dramatic circumstances at the conclusion of a violent debate over the naval scandals, extending over several days. President Fallieres has accepted the cabinet's resignation.

M. Delcasse, chairman of the investigation commission, led the attack upon the naval administration, especially during the incumbency of M. Pelloton and M. Thomson, former ministers of marine.



GEORGES CLEMENCEAU

But M. Picard, who succeeded Thomson, had promised in the name of the government to complete a series of reforms, both in the administration of the department and the methods of construction, and the chamber was ready to vote confidence in the government when an incident occurred which changed a majority into a minority.

Premier Clemenceau, who always has been an adversary of Delcasse, snarling under the criticism and doubtless over-confident of a majority which, on July 16, upon the general policies of the government was 182, tumbled the ex-minister of foreign affairs, who was thrown overboard by the Bouvier ministry at the dictation of Germany during the crisis of 1905, with having led France to humiliation at Algeiras.

The spectacle of that chapter of France's foreign history, in which Delcasse was sacrificed, was a fatal error. Instantly there was an uproar of dissent from both sides of the chamber. Delcasse slung back the taunt in Clemenceau's face with bitter words, declaring, amid cheers, that France had gone to Algeiras in the interest of peace.

Hot words were bandied back and forth. It was a veritable duel between two enemies. Delcasse intimated that Clemenceau had inspired articles in the foreign press during the crisis, but the latter emphatically denied the imputation. The premier seemed for the first time in his parliamentary career to lose his head. Finally Delcasse, as he was entering upon an explanation of the situation of 1905, said:

"I shall say nothing further on that subject. I have nothing to fear. Nothing in the past, nothing in our common memories of twenty-five years, embarrasses me. If I look back I see I have something besides ruins."

Then, turning directly to Clemenceau, he said: "You were president of the naval investigating commission of 1904. Your unsparing attacks upon every government during twenty-five years seemed sufficient guarantee that you would find the root of the evil. What are the results, I ask?"

Clemenceau, now evidently in a rage, tried to parry the thrust by returning to the charge.

"Your policy as foreign minister," he shouted, "led us to the greatest humiliation France has experienced in twenty years."

Another storm of hostile cries arose. But the premier tried to assume his old cynical air. "Oh, no false indignation, I pray you," he exclaimed. "You brought us to the verge of a war without military preparation."

Again the tumult was redoubled. "Yes," he shouted above the roar, "the whole world knew that the ministers of war and the navy, when the question was put to them, replied that France was not ready. I have not humiliated France; Delcasse has done that."

The scene when the premier took his seat was indescribable. Amid the wildest excitement the vote was taken and it was announced that the government had been beaten, 212 to 176.

Curfew Law For Negroes  
Mobile, Ala., July 23.—The police commissioners have established a curfew law for negroes. Hereafter all the blacks must be at home or in bed at 10 p. m. Any of them caught wandering at large will be locked up. This action is due to an epidemic of kold-ups perpetrated by negroes.



## HARMONIOUS SETTLEMENT

Likely to Soon Be Reached by  
Tariff Conferees

### TAFT IS HEALING FACTIONS

Consults With Aldrich and Payne  
Concerning Troublesome Rates—  
Early Agreement on Conference Re-  
port Is Anticipated—How Senate  
and House "Insurgents" Stand on  
the "Free Raw Materials" Question

Washington, July 23.—President Taft appears to have brought about a tangible situation with regard to the tariff where uncertainty existed, before.

Thursday was a day of conferences and concluded with a consultation at the White House last night participated in by the president, Senator Aldrich and Representative Payne, at which the chief executive was assured that a harmonious settlement of the differences existing between the two branches of congress is practicable.

This conclusion was reached from the fact that harmony pervaded the various conferences held at the Capitol Thursday. The senators opposed to the "free raw materials" program were consulted by Aldrich and a committee representing the same position on the house side held a conference with Payne. In addition the house conferees met to have the experts of the senate finance committee explain the senate changes in the cotton schedule.

It is evident that the president, by informing the conferees that the disputed points were before them for settlement, brought about a condition that augurs well for an early agreement on a conference report. The chief executive was able to get a better insight into the obstacles to the "free raw materials" plan by his conference with the two leaders than was possible in so large a gathering as that which was present at the dinner Wednesday night.

Senator Aldrich met a large number of senators who are opposed to free hides, coal and iron ore, and no encouragement was offered for the placing of any of these articles on the free list. In fact were it possible to get these senators to yield, the situation in the house would have to be dealt with.

The "tariff insurgents" in the house who are opposed to free raw materials adopted resolutions protesting against the plan. They designated a committee to confer with Payne, but the latter did not offer them much encouragement.

Representative Dwight, the Republican whip of the house, conferred with Aldrich and informed him that the anti-free raw materials sentiment in the house was a matter which required serious consideration. He said its strength had grown to forty-five members.

The advocates of dutiable hides in both houses declare a compromise is possible, but that they cannot consider the placing of these articles on the free list.

With regard to the free reciprocity provision on coal in the house bill there also was a firm stand. The members interested in coal declared that such a provision would make the situation with regard to coal untenable for the operatives and that a reduction in the senate rate without a clause for reciprocal free trade was more acceptable.

That a nominal duty on iron ore will be agreed to by the conferees is the indication. No determination as to the rate has been suggested.

Owing to the diversified opinions expressed with regard to oil, it is more likely that the conferees' report will place petroleum on the free list without a countervailing duty proposition. The house "insurgents" have indicated their willingness to concede free oil if the other raw materials are made dutiable.

General discussion of the custom court and corporation tax provisions and of the duties on cotton goods, gloves and hosiery took up the time of the conferees at Thursday's session and adjournment was taken to permit a separate meeting of the house conferees. It was decided that the headquarters of the customs court of appeals shall be located in Washington.

**Value of Belmont Estate**  
New York, July 22.—The appraisers' report filed in the surrogate's office shows that Oliver H. P. Belmont left an estate valued at \$1,094,956, on which Mrs. Alva B. Belmont, the sole beneficiary under the will, must pay an inheritance tax of \$10,849.

**Savings in National Banks**  
Washington, July 20.—An aggregate of \$380,494,698 in savings deposits in the national banks of the country is shown by the returns from the national banks under the call for their condition on June 23.

**Hair Tonic Exploded**  
Philadelphia, July 20.—Mrs. John J. Armour, wife of a broker of this city, died Monday as a result of burns received in the explosion of a bottle of hair tonic at her home in North Clayton, N. J.

**Employers' Liability Bill Beaten**  
Hartford, July 22.—The senate rejected the employers' liability bill by a vote, which the presiding officer, Senator Brooks, broke by voting against the bill.

**Bank Safe Blown and Robbed**  
Redfield, S. D., July 22.—The safe of the State Bank of Tulare was blown and \$1900 secured by three men who escaped.

## TAKING TIME TO FORELOCK

Democrats Elect Officers to Guide  
Next Congressional Elections

Washington, July 20.—Taking advantage of the present situation developed by the tariff, the Democratic congressional committee, one year in advance of the usual time for such action, met last night, elected officers and mapped out the course it will follow in its fight to capture the house in the next congressional elections. Representative James F. Lloyd (Mo.) was re-elected chairman by the unanimous vote of the thirty-seven members of the committee.

Chairman Lloyd asserted that information he has received from all parts of the country indicated that the Democrats are more hopeful of electing a Democratic house than they have been for years. He said that the committee had agreed "to get busy" immediately, and that with the appointment of the principal working committees the Democratic end of the next campaign would be fairly under way.

### USEFUL WORK FOR STATE

Hains Using His Time to Good Advantage in Sing Sing

New York, July 23.—Captain Peter C. Hains, Jr., is not spending the time he was sentenced to Sing Sing for killing William E. Annis in idleness or repining. Eugene Young, his attorney, returned from the prison after a consultation with his client regarding an appeal, which goes to the appellate division this fall. He reports that Hains is hopeful and busy.

Because of his engineering experience Hains was placed in charge of the draughting in the iron and tin department of the prison shops. Recently he invented there an appliance that is said to have increased the efficiency of a street cleaning machine used in New York city.

## ELIOT PREDICTS A NEW RELIGION

It Will Bar the Deification of  
Human Beings

Cambridge, Mass., July 23.—Former President Eliot of Harvard university prophesied the advent of a new religion in an address before the Harvard Summer School of Theology. Touching upon some of its features he said:

"In the new religion there will be no deification of remarkable human beings.

"The multiplication to anybody of all the noblest, tenderest and highest qualities which a man has ever seen or imagined in a human being, must be the new religion. Every man makes his own God, in a way.

"The destiny of mankind has been delayed many centuries by the church teaching submission, always, to circumstances.

"The surgeon who dresses a wound is an apostle of the new religion.

"The best of the new church will be the love of truth.

"Masonic orders are good if they teach mutual regard and social cooperation."

### DROPS GUN FOR PEN

Roosevelt Is Spending His Spare Time  
In Writing a Book

Naiyasha, British East Africa, July 21.—Colonel Roosevelt, whose party is hunting on the south shore of Lake Naiyasha from the ranch of Captain Attenborough, has done no shooting since last Thursday, but instead has remained at the camp writing a book. The party will arrive here today and after camping here for three days will go to Nairobi. The expedition will start for Kenya province Aug. 6. The members of the Roosevelt party are now only shooting rare specimens, their collection having been completed.

### A REMEDY FOR CRIME

Anna Shaw Sees One In Appointment  
of Women Policemen

Minneapolis, July 23.—That Minneapolis needs 100 women policemen is the opinion of Dr. Anna H. Shaw, president of the National Woman's Suffrage association, who addressed the students in the chapel of the University of Minnesota.

"One hundred women specialists put on the police force of any city would make for improved civil conditions," said Dr. Shaw. "The criminal needs mothering."

**Alleged Spies on British Warship**  
Portsmouth, Eng., July 23.—The Evening News says that two alleged foreign spies have been arrested on board the battleship Belerophon, anchored off Southampton. The men were acting suspiciously while being shown about the vessel during the pageant.

### THE SOUTHERN HURRICANE

Loss of Twenty Lives and Millions of  
Dollars' Worth of Damage

New Orleans, July 23.—That the hurricane which swept the Gulf coast of Texas and Louisiana resulted in more loss of life and far more damage to property than had at first been apparent was indicated when points hitherto cut off from communication got into touch with the outside world. Many isolated places yet remain to be heard from.

That the property loss will run into the millions was made a certainty when whole towns, which were not at first believed to have suffered, were definitely reported to have been wrecked. Over a score of persons are now believed to have lost their lives.

## WITH KNIFE AND PISTOL

Life of an Armenian Shoe Worker  
Is Snuffed Out

### DODDY IS PLACED IN A TRUNK

Lay Many Days in Room in Lynn  
Boarding House Before Tragedy  
Was Discovered by Landlady—Police Think Victim Was Deliberately  
Lured Into a Trap and Are Looking  
For His Former Associate

Lynn, Mass., July 23.—Another trunk murder mystery was added to the criminal annals of the east by the finding of the body of Mimos K. Monjian, an Armenian shoe worker, in a room of a boarding house at 148 Liberty street, this city, by the landlady of the place, Mrs. Bessie Robbins.

There was a bullet wound through the breast and several knife wounds on the chest. The body had been placed in the trunk fully clothed and had evidently been there since late Saturday night or early Sunday morning, for the man had been seen by a sister in Boston Saturday afternoon.

The motive of the murder is a mystery. The man bank book, his gold watch and chain and some loose change was found in his pockets, and besides, the police say that since the victim's return from a trip to Chicago about two weeks ago he had earned but \$16 and they think he had been reduced to a few pennies.

The man whom the police think may be able to throw some light on the matter and whom they are anxious to find is Yahan Malbandian, an associate of Monjian and also a shoe worker, who has been missing since Monday. This man is also known as Frank Jones and the police of the large cities in the country have been asked to be on the lookout for him. The police of Worcester have been asked to make an especially careful search through the Armenian quarter of that city for Malbandian, as they believe he once lived in that city.

The dead man was about 23 years old and was not married. Identification was made by Milton Tooten, a shoe worker of this city, and also by means of the bank book found on his person.

Outside the establishment of the victim's identity and the fact that the police are seeking Malbandian little progress has been made in the solution of the mystery.

Monjian has been missing from his boarding house at 72 Church street since Saturday. The police have searched all the local Armenian resorts in the hopes of discovering the whereabouts of Malbandian since that time. Former associates of Malbandian say they have not seen him in Lynn for many days, and that he then declared his intention of going to Turkey. At his lodging house at 148 Liberty street, where Monjian's body was found, several other boarders reported that they heard no pistol shot there in the past few days.

Chief of Police Thomas N. Burckes says he is satisfied that Malbandian and Monjian went together to Malbandian's room and that while there a premeditated murder was committed. It is the opinion of Burckes that the trunk was purchased for the purpose it was made to serve and that Monjian walked into a trap that had been carefully prepared for him.

### FARMHAND IS MISSING

So Is \$4000 in Cash Which Employer  
Had Hidden in an Old Trunk

Cornwall, N. Y., July 20.—T. H. Kirkendall, a farmer living near Campbell, had no confidence in banks and kept his savings of a lifetime in an old trunk in his home.

He reported to the sheriff last evening that \$1000, half in gold coin and gold certificates, and half in greenbacks, had been stolen from his hiding place. A farmhand is missing.

### Struck Under Misapprehension

Philadelphia, July 23.—The plant of the Standard Roller Bearing company, which was closed yesterday when 1500 men struck because of a supposed grievance, resumed today. On learning that the foreman who was supposed to have been discharged was merely at home on sick leave, the men agreed to return to work.

### Spanish Troops Mutiny

Madrid, July 23.—A riot broke out yesterday at Barcelona among the troops who were about to be embarked for Melilla. An entire battalion revolted and threatened the colonel and other officers with their bayonets. Other troops were hastily summoned and the mutineers were dispersed.

### Delegates Must Curb Their Tongues

Denver, July 23.—Hereafter when a delegate on the floor of the convention of the Western Federation of Miners calls another delegate a liar or uses profane language it will cost him \$10. A resolution to that effect was adopted.

### Miss Shattuck's Public Bequests

Boston, July 23.—Public bequests amounting to nearly \$90,000 are provided for in the will of the late Miss Miriam S. Shattuck of this city, which was filed for probate Thursday.

### Rocketeer Transferring Property

New York, July 23.—John D. Rockefeller continued the transfer of property to members of his family yesterday by deeding the house at No. 5 West Fifty-third street to his daughter, Mrs. E. P. Prentiss. A week ago he gave property in Cleveland valued at \$3,000,000 to his son, John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

## WAR CONSIDERED REMOTE POSSIBILITY

Other Nations May Heal the  
Argentine-Bolivian Breach

Washington, July 23.—The moral influence of the United States, Brazil and Chile will be exerted to prevent any clash of arms between the republics of Argentina and Bolivia. Chile and Brazil will remain neutral in the pending controversy.

War between the two countries would be very regrettable to the United States, which within proper bounds will do its best to prevent it. The United States, however, will not intervene unless a request is received from one or both nations involved.

That there will be much war talk growing out of the pending situation is the expectation of the South American diplomatic colony. That it will end in war they consider a very remote possibility. Argentina's action, they say, is simply an evidence of dissatisfaction with the attitude of her neighbor.

### WITH \$100,000 CAPITAL

Insurance Company Incorporated Solely  
For Negro Race

New York, July 23.—Prominent negroes, residing principally in Yonkers, N. Y., have obtained a charter for the Ethiopian Life Insurance company, with a capital stock of \$100,000.

This is the first insurance company of its kind incorporated in the east and one of the largest corporations in the country conducted solely by negroes.

### Sarah Jewett's Will

Bridford, Me., July 23.—The will of Sarah Orne Jewett, the author, was presented for probate here and showed an estate valued at \$18,000. The only public bequest was the income from a fund of \$1000 to care for memorial windows in Bowdoin academy.

### NEW ENGLAND BRIEFS

Vincenzo Manganiello, aged 23, was struck by a train at a crossing in Lynn, Mass., and was instantly killed.

James F. Keenan, aged 5, fell from a wharf at Boston and was drowned. Jumping into a canoe and pushing it out into the Merrimack river at Dracut, Mass., Thomas Matthews, aged 16, capsized the boat and was drowned.

Harvey Porreault, aged 7, of Nashua, N. H., was drowned by falling overboard from a boat.

While at work on a dam on the Androscoggin river at Pejepscot, Me., Louis Theriault, aged 30, was carried over and drowned.

Callista Sarasin, 15 years old, fell from a bridge at Amesbury, Mass., and was drowned.

Jumping into a canal at Holyoke, Mass., to recover a baseball which had been batted into the water, Walter Kurok, 10 years old, was drowned.

Zlma Toeka, 3 years old, wandered away from home and was drowned in a pond at Dedham, Mass.

Shooting off blank cartridges resulted in the death at Marlboro, Mass., of Conrad Blanchard, aged 16, of lockjaw.

While swimming to a raft at Narragansett Pier, R. I., Alphonse H. Little, aged 27, became exhausted and lost his life.

## FEARED TOTAL LOSS OF HAIR

Scalp had been Scaly for Some Time  
—After an Attack of Typhoid  
Fever his Hair Began to Fall Out  
by the Handful—Now It Is

THICKER THAN EVER  
THANKS TO CUTICURA

"About two years ago I was troubled with my head being scaly, itchy and falling out by the handful. I tried to use a variety of cures to no effect whatever. And I used a quinine preparation quite freely which did no good either. Whether it was the effect of the fever or some scalp disease I don't know, but I had actually lost hope of saving any hair at all. I could brush it off my coat by the handful. It got so bad that I didn't need to comb it any more—in fact I was afraid to. My brother, who had used the Cuticura Remedies with satisfaction, advised me to try them. After using two cakes of Cuticura Soap and nearly a box of Cuticura Ointment, the change was surprising. My scalp is now clear and healthy as could be and my hair thicker than ever, whereas six months ago I had my mind made up to be bald in a short time. I will have a photograph taken later and send you one. William F. Steese, 6812 Broad St., Pittsburg, Penn., May 7 and 21, '08."

Warm baths with Cuticura Soap and gentle anointings with Cuticura Ointment, assisted when necessary by Cuticura Resolvent (liquid or pills), afford fast relief in the most distressing forms of itching, burning, scaly, crusted, itchy, sore, swollen, itching, inflammation, irritations and chafings of infancy and childhood, permit rest and sleep and point to a speedy and permanent cure, in the majority of cases, when all other remedies fail.

Cuticura Soap (25c), Ointment (50c), Resolvent (25c) are sold everywhere. Write for free literature. Cuticura Remedies are sold by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.; Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.; Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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PRICE { White Ash \$6.45 } cash in the yard  
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you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.      you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.

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## A MEAL WITH A MOOR

The Repast Began With Green Tea Served In Glasses.

## FOOD EATEN WITH FINGERS.

Table Manners In a Moorish Gentleman's House—A Particular Mark of Favor by the Host to His Guests That Is Not Always Appreciated.

During my stay in Fez I took every opportunity of gaining a closer insight into the domestic life of the inhabitants, and for that reason, writes Lawrence Harris in the London Graphic, I heartily accepted an invitation to dine with Abdullah of Fez, the minister for foreign affairs.

On arriving at his home I was ushered into a large room in which were seated five or six guests of high rank. Abdullah took me by the hand and gravely introduced me to the company. A silver cushion was placed on the divan, upon which I seated myself.

The repast commenced with green tea served in small glasses. The custom of preparing this is peculiar to the country. To the principal native guest is given the honor of making the tea. In this case it was Abdullah, who, being under British protection, had been invited to dinner in my honor. He accepted the invitation to do the honors of the evening and ordered the negroes to place the native brass tray in front of where he sat cross-legged on the divan. The methods of proceeding are not such as would recommend themselves to an English tea party.

Mensuring out the tea in his hand, he dropped it in the pot. The negroes then poured boiling water over it. This was swilled around, and the water poured off. The pot was then filled with huge lumps of loaf sugar, broken roughly from a sugar loaf, and a little mint was added. A small quantity of the concoction was poured into a glass, sipped and poured back again into the pot. This process was continued until the required delicacy of flavor was reached.

The company then drank the customary three glasses of this starchy mixture, drawing it through their teeth with a sound like a horse drinking. As each glass was finished and replaced in the tray it was refilled and handed back by the "keeper of the pot," who was supposed to remember to whom each glass belonged. At a sign from the host the tray was removed, and another slave approached each person with a brass bowl, soap and towel and a bronze kettle of warm water. The guests washed their right hands preparatory to the dinner.

We all sat around a small table about six inches high, upon which was placed the dish. The courses were many and varied. As says the Itidith, "The blessing of God rests on the food taken with the fingers," so all good Mohammedans follow the words of their prophet. No knife must be used on bread, and the small round loaves are broken up and handed around. The tajin, or stew, is not difficult to manipulate, although the olives floating in argon oil slip through your fingers. Miniature tugs of war occur with your vis-a-vis in the effort to dismember a fowl or divide a tough meat.

As a particular mark of favor the host will from time to time place before you a little tidbit which he has torn off with his greasy fingers. However your stomach rebels against it, you have to swallow the morsel. During the meal the national dish of couscous is invariably served. This dish is made from broken grains of wheat specially prepared by the women. It is served piled up like a huge cone, with the meat on top. Each person scoops out his own little hole in the side and must not trespass on his neighbor's portion.

To the inexperienced it is difficult to manage the couscous without making an awful mess of it. The small grains must be judiciously compressed into a loose ball and then shot into the mouth with the back of the thumb. The Moors take extreme delight in watching the ineffectual efforts of Europeans who are in difficulties with their couscous. Moors are very great eaters, and little conversation is carried on during the meal. A bowl of water is passed from hand to hand for those who require drink. The last course finished, the bowl and water are once more requisitioned and the hands and mouth washed.

## The Poor Man's Gym.

"Would you mind telling me," asked Mrs. Bourdalo, glancing admiringly at the athletic shoulders of the prospective boarder, "how do you keep in such splendid physical condition?" "I go through a few gymnastic exercises every morning," confessed the young man, flushing.

"Well, I'm sorry, but we can't board you. I've had the bathroom monopolized that way before."—Kansas City Times.

## His Criticism.

Mrs. Gollybly to eminent musical critic—What do you think of the new opera, Mr. Crochet? Eminent Musical Critic—Well, it wouldn't be bad if somebody would set it to music.—London Pict-Mag.

## His Definition.

Teacher—Wilfred, a bee is something we get wax from. Now, tell me, what is a bee? Wilfred—Our teacher is a bee because he's something we get whacks from.—London Telegraph.

One "Take this" is better than ten "God bless you's."—German Proverb.

## What It Looks Like.

Little Elsie, aged three, who was walking in the garden with her nurse one evening, caught sight of the thin crescent of the new moon hanging low in the west and exclaimed in great excitement: "Oh, look, look, nurse! The moon's all gone away and there isn't anything left but just its skin!"—Delinctor.

## A TRAGIC EXPERIENCE.

The Climax of a Woman's Return Trip to Her Home.

A New York woman had a curious and tragic experience, one that seems more like a gruesome page from French fiction than the plain record of fact.

This woman started out with her husband to accompany him part way on a business trip he was taking to a southern city. It was arranged that she should stop to visit some friends at a point about halfway on the journey and after a two days' stay should proceed and rejoin her husband at his destination and return with him. She made her visit and when she reached the town where she had expected to meet her husband found that he was not at the hotel where he had been stopping, but had left hurriedly for New York the day before. She waited long enough to send telegrams to her husband's office and to their house in New York asking if he had arrived and to receive a negative answer from each place.

Concluding that he had been unable to reach her by telegraph while she was on the road, she decided to return home. She was disappointed, but not at all perturbed, as she journeyed northward. She had to change cars twice on the way. Each change involved a wait of ten or fifteen minutes at a small junction town. As she was pacing up and down the station platform at each of these places she saw a big, blue covered coffin box loaded from the express car and piled aboard the northbound train. At Jersey City the same box was being unloaded, and it crossed the ferry with her in a barge. She noted idly that one of the bearers horses was white and the other black. She went first to her husband's office, but the boy was late in the afternoon, and it was closed. Then she went uptown to her home.

As she was about to enter the apartment house a horse drawn by a white horse and a black one drove up, and the undertaker climbed down and pressed the button below her name on the row of call bells at the entrance. She asked him what it meant. Thinking she was some inquiring stranger, the undertaker told her that he was bringing home the body of a man who had died on a train near the city whence she had just come and that the undertaker who had taken charge of the body had forwarded it in compliance with the dying man's request. In a daze the woman asked the dead man's name. Then she fell fainting to the floor. It was her husband.—New York Press.

## JUSTICE IN HAITI.

Why a Trader Was Consigned to Jail by a Magistrate.

In many lands that maintain a court of justice the institution commands the respect of the public. It has in its hands the means of securing an outward show of respect under any circumstances. In Haiti this power appears to be made a source of revenue, according to a story told by H. Prichard in "Where Black Rules White."

A Haitian owed a trader \$28. A judgment requiring the Haitian to pay \$4 a week into court was given, and the trader agreed to send a messenger to the magistrate every week for the money.

In due time he sent for the first installment and was informed that the Haitian had not paid up, but that he should be put in prison for his failure.

Three weeks passed with the same result. One morning the Haitian went to the trader's store. What good, he asked, would come to the trader if he, poor man, were thrown into prison? Let the trader forgive him his debt and earn thereby untold rewards in a future state.

After some talk the trader gave him a letter of remission, which he went off to present to the magistrate. The affair was settled, but the Haitian was struck by the bad grace with which the magistrate dismissed him.

He forthwith returned to the trader and asked him if he had received the \$8 already paid into court. The trader looked surprised and said that he had received nothing.

"Then, since you have remitted the debt, that \$8 is mine," said the Haitian.

Accordingly he went to the court to present his claim. The magistrate at once committed him to prison. A consul who had heard the story asked the magistrate what the man was sent to prison for.

"For contempt of court," was the reply.

## Where Tipping Is Tabooed.

It may be interesting to mention that it is neither customary nor advisable to give tips anywhere west of the Sierra Madres. I did it on two occasions and in both cases learned to my regret that the waiters became so familiar with the guests and slack in their services both to myself and others that they were discharged from their employment by the Mexican proprietor, whose watchful eye discovered the lax attention pretty quickly and without complaint from the visitors. I felt very uncomfortable about it, for my intended kindness was in both instances the root of the trouble.—Outing Magazine.

## Not Guilty.

It is said that within 400 years gold aggregating \$2,000,000,000 has disappeared from circulation, and the government would like to know who has it. We learn that the members of the newspaper fraternity are not suspected.—St. Louis Republic.

## Handicapped.

"You ought to save money for your family."

"Yes, but—"

"But what?"

"My family won't let me."—Cleveland Leader.

Petty thieves are hanged; great thieves are asked to dinner.—German Proverb.

## A FATAL FRIENDSHIP.

Devotion of Princess Lamballe to Marie Antoinette.

## SLAIN BY A PARISIAN MOB.

The Assassination of the Princess, Who Escaped and Returned to Comfort Her Friend, Was One of the Worst Acts of the Reign of Terror.

It was in the historic Carignan palace at Turin that the Princess Lamballe was born. Her father was Louis Victor of Carignan, of the royal house of Savoy and Savoy.

Her childhood was spent in Turin during the period that followed the defeat of the French through the brilliant military tactics of Prince Eugene of Savoy. At eighteen she was married to Stanislaus, son of the Duke of Penthièvre of France.

The chief place of this duchy was the town of Lamballe, about fifty miles from Rennes. The Prince de Lamballe died in one year, and as soon as etiquette allowed a marriage with Louis XV. was contemplated. This did not go into effect, however, and the princess withdrew from the court.

She met Marie Antoinette when that princess first came to Paris, and they were mutually attracted and became friends. The Princess de Lamballe saw the dangers to which this young foreigner was exposed, and when Marie Antoinette became queen of France in 1773 and appointed the princess superintendent of the royal household she entered upon her duties with the sympathetic understanding of a loyal friend. The closest ties of affectionate regard drew these two young royal personages together. Through the careless gaiety of court life the Princess de Lamballe was the judicious friend. When illness came to the queen she was faithful and devoted.

When the storm of adversity broke over the royal family and it was arranged that an escape should be effected Mme. de Lamballe got safely to England, going across from Dieppe, but the royal family were arrested at Valenciennes and declared traitors to France.

Mme. de Lamballe's devotion was so true she at once hastened back to Paris to be with the queen. Her friends urged and implored her to think of the danger to herself and pointed out that she could be of no real service at such a critical time. But she knew better than they did what a comfort her presence would be, and her heart was entirely occupied with the sorrows of her sovereign. She was allowed to become a prisoner with the royal family in the temple, and for one week she was a cheerful and helpful companion. Full of affectionate arts to make the hours less bitter and giving to Marie Antoinette the loving, devoted care that only a friend so loyal could give.

When these about the prison saw what an influence of joy Mme. de Lamballe brought to the royal prisoners an order was issued for her removal to the prison of La Force. From here she was taken for a mock trial and offered her life if she would kneel in oath against the monarchy. With scorn she refused to do this.

Then came one of the most terrible acts of the period of the reign of terror. She was delivered to the people, wild with the desire for blood, and was killed in the courtyard of La Force prison. They stabbed her with sabers, cut off her head, tore her heart from her body while it was yet palpitating and then dragged her body through the streets to the temple.

On the way there they stopped at a hairdresser's and made him rouge the beautiful face and friz and powder the hair. This man nearly died with fear while at this awful work. When it was done and the head set on a pike, the long, fair curls of her pretty hair fell about the neck. Those of the mob who suggested this hideous work upon the head said, "Antoinette will now recognize her friend."

The heart was also put on the end of a pike and the route to the temple resumed. The royal family were together, and Louis was reading to them, when they heard the sound of the mob and loud, high voices. Suddenly the door was opened violently, and as they all started to their feet some men pushed themselves past the guard and shouted to the king: "The people have something to show you. If you don't wish them to bring it up here you had better go to the window."

With the deadly fear in their hearts they did as directed and looked into the dead and painted face of their devoted friend and also saw her tender heart and her poor body, hacked by the sabers of these wretches.

With a cry of horror and despair Marie Antoinette fell into a state of stupor. Mme. Elizabeth forced her into a chair, and her children clung to her and cried with fear. Louis tried to control his voice as he said with pathetic dignity, "You might have spared the queen the knowledge of this frightful calamity."—Boston Globe.

## Jolting Him.

Bashful Youth—Miss Bella, does your mother object to my coming here so much? Fair Charmer—Oh, I think not! I heard her telling papa the other evening that you merely came to pass away the time; you didn't mean anything serious.—London Tit-Bits.

## The Division.

"What?" exclaimed Mrs. Flatfeigh. "You don't mean to tell me you pay a girl \$10 a week for cooking?" "Oh, no!" replied Mrs. Urbanville. "We only pay her \$2 a week for cooking. The other \$8 is for staying."—Chicago News.

## She Does.

Suffragette—We believe that a woman should get a man's wages. Married Man—Well, judging from my own experience, she does.—Boston Transcript.

## DRUG DREAMS.

Queer Visions Conjured Up in the Brains of Daring Experimenters.

An experimenter with the Mexican drug anesthetic is rewarded by many and varied visions. Before him flit myriads of dainty butterfly forms, glistening, iridescent, fibrous wings of insects, revolving vessels on whose highly polished concave surface of mother-of-pearl many strange and vivid hues play. There are elaborate sweetmeats in endless and appetizing variety and living arabesques of gorgeous hues and superhuman design.

He may take up a pen for the purpose of making notes, but will find himself unable to use it. A pencil, however, proves easy of manipulation. As he writes his paper is covered with a soft golden light, and his hands, seen indirectly, appear bronzed, scaled, fantastically pigmented and flushed with red.

Tiring of the visions, he may light the gas, which immediately fills the room with a glorious radiance, while wonderfully colored shadows of red, green and violet flit here and there. Generally, it is said, no feeling of depression or physical discomfort follows the dream.

A medical experimenter in Kentucky soon after taking a large dose of hashish began to feel very excited; a feeling of inner joyousness possessed him; all fatigue seemed banished forever, and his mind ran riot, one bizarre idea after another rapidly passing through his mind. Later his brain appeared to split in two parts, one of which urged him to the performance of comic gestures, while the other as insistently hinted at impending death and suggested restraint and instant medical advice.

While waiting for a doctor he experienced alternate spells of lucidity and periods when all connections between himself and the outside world seemed to be severed, when a chaos of disjointed ideas and wild reveries obsessed him. The duration of these latter periods was never longer than two minutes, but each seemed an eternity. It appeared a hopeless task to follow the minute hand of his watch during its infinite round; long before the sixty seconds had elapsed he gave up the stupendous task in deep despair. The departure of the doctor synchronized with the return of the feeling of impending death, now most horribly intense.

He imagined himself surrounded by grotesque, menacing, cruel visaged monsters. He felt himself expanding, dilating, dissolving into space, as he ascended steep precipices, covered with Brobdignagian creatures somewhat like lizards, overhanging enormous abysses, the while he was overwhelmed by a horrible, rending, unutterable despair.—Detroit News-Tribune.

## MAKING GOLD LEAF.

The Metal Is Beaten For Hours by Men, Then Finished by Girls.

In one of the downtown business streets may be seen sticking from one of the upper windows a massive arm and hand, the hand grasping a huge hammer and the whole sign glided. It is the sign of the gold beaters' establishment, where thousands of the gold sheets are turned out after having been packed by girls.

Gold leaf is packed more by the aid of the breath than by the hands. The operation of transferring a sheet of almost transparent gold leaf from one place to another is so delicate that it is possible to do it only by a light puff of the breath. It takes most girls six weeks to acquire this knack, and some girls are never able to acquire it.

The gold reaches the beaters first in wide bars or nuggets and has to be weighed, melted and made into lach wide ribbons before anything else is done. The ribbon is then cut into lach squares and beaten with a hammer welded by a man. When each leaf has been beaten thin it is transferred to a mold, where it is beaten four hours more. The beating is done with a wooden hammer weighing from seven to eighteen pounds, on a sheepskin cushion, which rests on a granite block. The gold used for beating is usually 22 or 23 carats fine. A little alloy of copper or silver is added to make it spread. It would be impossible, the beaters say, to handle perfectly pure gold.

After the gold has been beaten it is handed over to the girls, who lift the unstamped leaf from the mold with a pair of wooden pliers, flatten it out on a sheepskin cushion by gently blowing on it, cut it to a perfect square, replace it between the leaves of the book and flatten it out with the breath.

There are twenty-five leaves in a book, and a skilled girl can pack seventy books in a day, for which she gets from 2½ to 3 cents a book.—New York Times.

## Logical Result.

On the notice board of a church near Manchester the other day the following announcements appeared together: A potato pie supper will be held on Saturday evening. Subject for Sunday evening, "A Night of Agony."—Manchester Guardian.

## In Later Years.

"We," remarked the young married woman, "try to see how few quarrels we can have in a year."

"We," said the old married woman, "try to see how few cooks."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## Silenced Him.

The young man in the barber's chair had been annoyed by suggestions of the white coated artist, although he had said clearly enough when he sat down that he wanted only a hair cut and a shampoo. Singling, facial massage and hair tonics had been offered vainly.

Finally the barber perpetrated what is with barbers the crowning insult. Passing his hand over the young man's face, he said contemptuously:

"Shave yourself, don't you?"

"Sure," said the young man. "Don't you?"

And there was silence.—Washington Post.

## CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiments.

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Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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Sample Latest Model "Hedgehorn" bicycle furnished by us. Our agents everywhere are making money fast. Write for full particulars and special offer of once. SO NO MORE TROUBLE FROM PUNCTURES. If you are then not satisfied, return the bicycle and allow TEN DOLLARS. FULLY GUARANTEED. During which time you may ride the bicycle and return it to us at our expense and you will not be out one cent. We furnish the highest grade bicycles it is possible to make for the middle class of people by buying direct of us and have the manufacturer's guarantee behind your bicycle. NO MORE TROUBLE FROM PUNCTURES. We will refund you the full amount of your purchase price at any time you receive our catalogue and study it. We will refund you the full amount of your purchase price at any time you receive our catalogue and study it.

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NO MORE TROUBLE FROM PUNCTURES. NAILS, TACKS OR GLASS WILL NOT LET THE AIR OUT. Sixty thousand pairs sold last year. Over two hundred thousand pairs now in use.

DESCRIPTION: Made in all sizes. Heavily and easily riding, very durable and lined inside with a special quality of rubber, which never becomes sticky and which does not small punctures without allowing the air to escape. We have hundreds of letters from satisfied customers stating that their lives have been saved by the use of our tires. They have been used on all kinds of vehicles, from the ordinary car to the motor cycle, and have been used in all climates, from the tropics to the Arctic.

Notice the thick rubber tread "A" and "B" and "C" and "D" also the strip "E" to prevent rim cutting. This tire will outlast any other make—SOFT, ELASTIC and EASY RIDING.

advertising purposes we are making a special factory price. If you order a pair of these tires, you will find that they will ride easier, faster, better, last longer and look finer than any tire you have ever used or seen at any price. We want you to send us a trial order at once, hence this remarkable offer.

IF YOU NEED TIRES Hedgehorn Puncture-Proof tires on approval and trial at the special introductory price and kind of tires at about half the usual price.

DO NOT WAIT or a pair of tires from anyone else. Write us now and we will send you a pair of tires from anyone else. Write us now and we will send you a pair of tires from anyone else.

J. L. MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

4-3-17

## Pointed Paragraphs.

"When a man is loaded you always know it, but it's different with a gun."

Keep telling a boy he never will amount to anything, and he generally won't.

A six weeks' engagement will put a lot of conceit into a man, but six minutes of married life are sufficient to take it out.

It is wonderful how many have watched considering how few there are in the world to whom this really seems to be of any value.

Perhaps a man's eyesight grows poorer with the years as a merciful way of preventing him from seeing his wrinkles and gray hairs.

We approve a man is called "woman's protector" for the reason that he protects her from others imposing upon her, preferring to do it all himself.—Athens Globe.

## Gnawing His Way.

Nature knew that the rat would want to spend half his time gnawing and she therefore provided him with the right kind of teeth to do it. A boy caught a rat and boxed it up, and in the course of a week the rodent gnawed a hole through oak planks nailed together until there was a thickness of 18 inches. The hole was almost as round and smooth as a carpenter could have made.

Young Girl (glancing at her pedal extremities)—Oh, dear! My feet are so awfully big!

Practical Annie—But you stand on them all right, don't you?

Young Girl—Oh, yes, but in do other folks too.—New York Tribune.

Gaggs—I don't see why everybody calls Miss Kew clever. I think she is very dull.

Waggs—That is very strange for I heard she cut you yesterday in the street.

"Found a dollar yesterday."

"Lucky boy!"

"Not so lucky. In stooping to pick it up I dropped and broke my eyeglasses."—Kansas City Journal.

CAUTION. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

Charles H. Fletcher

## A Reasonable Request.

"Arabella," said old Billym as he finished his dinner. "I am going to ask you to do me a favor. I want you to give your young man—Mr. Mr. Whatismisname—a message from me."

Arabella blushed and looked down at her plate.

"Tell him," the bluff old millowner went on, "that I don't object to his staying here and running up my gas bills, but that I do object to his carrying the morning paper away with him when he leaves."—London Answers.

## Force of Habit.

"I'm surprised that you should be so interested in watching those ally dices."

"Force of habit, I guess. I'm president of a real estate improvement company."

"Well?"

"Well, they're a vacant lot."—Catholic Standard and Times.

"My dear," said the wife of the eminent professor, "the hens have scratched up all that eggplant seed you sowed."

"Ah, jealously!" mused the professor. And he sat down and wrote a twenty page article on the "Development of Envy in the Minds of the Lower Grade of Bipedals."

"Is there any difference in the meaning of the words 'unattractive' and 'unruly'?" asked Mr. Althrop.

"Not much," replied Mrs. Althrop. "One is a cussing of the other."

Chicago Record-Herald.

"Going away this summer?"

"I suppose so, but it really seems useless. There's good deal of second right around home just now."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"What are the rounds in the ladder of fame?"

"It all depends. To an actor, for instance, they are rounds of applause."

Louisville Courier-Journal.

"What's the reason we shouldn't have a little unting this Saturday?" asked Mrs. Grampus.

"I am," snarled Grampus.—Buffalo Express.

The men always enjoy hearing of some woman who was told the story of a surgical operation or death, and who got well without it.



## The Son of a Man With Brains.

Ernest Poole.

Young Mr. Riggs was the son of a man with brains. The man with brains had used them well down to the Wall street world, and had recently died, leaving a tidy fortune behind him. And his son and heir, becoming the head of the family, grew suddenly solemn, impressive, severe. Over his office desk he eyed the world with shrewd, conscientious, conservative eyes.

One morning a card was brought in bearing the name of "Tipton." "I once did work for your father," was scrawled hastily under name.

Some moments later a quiet little man, with an open frank kindly face, was ushered in.

"Mr. Riggs," he said at once, "of course I know you are busy." The son of a man with brains looked busy. "So I shall be brief. The plan I submit is simple. Here it is." He leaned forward and spoke low. "My father, who is dead, had a chum—a mining engineer, who is now slowly dying, in his rooms at the Manhattan hotel. He owns five hundred shares in the C— and L— Mining company. These shares dropped two years ago from thirty-three to ten. Six months ago they had a boom, and since then they've jumped to a hundred and twenty. But the old man—don't know it. Alone in the world, for years sick in bed, his mind has grown weak, he never looks at a paper—just dreams of old times to the west. I am the only visitor; the son of his old chum. He likes me, trusts me. That is all. I don't ask you to take my word for anything. I have a cab waiting. I want you to come with me to see him, buy a few shares; then come with me and sell them. It can all be done within an hour. And then we'll talk business." My commission is ten per cent.

The son of a man with brains asked many money-conscious questions, but at last decided to go.

"By the way," said Tipton, as they started, "you need cash. He is cranky about checks—even with me."

Riggs drew five hundred dollars. Twenty minutes later they stood in a handsome, quiet hotel corridor. At Tipton's soft knock, a trusted nurse opened the door. In the little parlor a solemn, frock-coated physician was scanning the nurse's report. On seeing Tipton, he smiled approvingly.

"Come again to cheer him up a bit, eh? He has just come out of a doze. Go in."

In the bed room, propped up on three pillows, they found him—a delicate, feeble old gentleman, his cheeks hollow and gray from long suffering. But on sight of Tipton, his faded blue eyes twinkled.

"Well, young un," he said, "fresh and dapper as ever, I see. What's the fun today?"

"No fun," laughed Tipton. "Business of the fastest kind—for you! Here's a friend of mine, Mr. Riggs, who wants to buy twenty-five of those shares of yours—at twenty each!" As the old man with a low cry started up out of the pillows, Tipton smiled kindly. "Yes, sir, they've gone up." He motioned Riggs to draw back; he leaned over the bed and his voice sank to an earnest whisper, of which Riggs could hear only snatches. "Always been your chum—better trust me—sell before it drops again."

The feeble invalid fell suddenly back to the pillows; and his face started up bewildered and twofold.

"Pretty sudden, my boy—pretty sudden for an old hulk like me! Yes—I'll sell—I'll sell." His breath came hurried and uneven. His busy hands fumbled nervously. "I'll sell," he repeated. "From under his pillow he drew a bunch of keys; and as Tipton unlocked a trunk in the corner, drew out a tin box and unlocked it—the old man smiled. "I never hoped for such luck," he chuckled.

Riggs cursed Tipton—under his breath—but bought the shares.

"Now," said Tipton, down in the cab. "Now for the test."

In a huge building near Wall street they entered a large and prosperous office, with typewriters clicking, clerks at desks, messenger boys coming in and out—headquarters of the C— and L— Mining company. They went in to the room of the third vice-president. He looked up annoyed, as they entered; but when Tipton quickly explained their business, the man's face flushed eagerly. Then he grew cautious.

"Why, yes," he said, slowly. "We'll give you a hundred and twenty." He examined the papers, started slightly, kept silent. "By the way," he said at last, "do you mind telling me where you got them?"

"From my father, who is dead," said Tipton promptly.

"You—have more?"

"A few."

"Well," the vice-president yawned. "Better bring 'em to us. Can't tell what'll happen these days. Stocks have tumbled."

Ten minutes later Riggs had his three thousand dollars. Outside in the hall they looked at each other.

"Reassured kind of eager, didn't he?" asked Tipton with a grin. Riggs drew a deep breath.

"Yes, he did."

Tipton started off.

"Here," cried Riggs. What's wrong? The other turned and stared.

"My scheme nets twenty-five hundred dollars. I got only two hundred and fifty." His voice was husky with excitement. "I'm off to find some one who'll give me a bigger share, that's all."

"But hold on! Do I look like a man to skin any one?" Riggs stopped and colored slightly. "How about twenty per cent?"

"Won't do," said Tipton, sharply. "You'll have to make it thirty."

Riggs hesitated.

"All right. Come on."

"Remember," said Tipton in the cab. "The old man won't take checks. You must show him the money. Counting in my commission, you need \$23,750—in cash," and as he saw Riggs' voice, he added in sharp, low tones. "There isn't any time to waste. He's excited now. So if you don't want to do it, say so, and I'll get some one who will."

Riggs went to his bank and drew the money—in twenty-four crisp, tight packets. On the way to the hotel neither spoke.

"By Jove," muttered Riggs, "I hate to do this! And he looked in disgust at this companion. Tipton looked surly.

"Who looks?" he growled. "The old man has no friends, no relations. Won't ten thousand last him two months? The doctor says he can't live longer."

"Oh!" The reputable young man's face relaxed. "Why didn't you tell me that sooner?"

"Because," said Tipton with a grin, "I didn't think I had to." Riggs glared and they drove on in silence.

The patient was roused, and seemed

dazed. But Tipton's soft, cheery voice, and then the sight of the crisp yellow bills which they tumbled in a loose pile all over the bed—seemed to clear his mind. His eyes gleamed and his hands trembled. His hurried questions were childish and easily answered. And the transaction was soon effected—475 shares for \$9,500.

Riggs threw himself into the cab, and leaned back and closed his eyes. His face set tight, in remorse. Tipton nudged him.

"What do you want?" asked Riggs savagely.

"Fourteen thousand, two hundred and fifty."

Riggs opened his eyes.

At the hotel, the nurse said her patient had sunk into a stupor. She kept him waiting for over an hour—till Riggs grew very nervous. Suddenly he rose.

"Can't you give him a stimulant?" he asked, sharply. The nurse looked at him a moment. "She had rather a hard face."

"You seem to be very anxious," she said. "Is it worth so—very much?"

"It won't do him any harm, will it?"

"No. No harm—. Is it worth so much?"

With a slow look of disgust, young Riggs took out a ten dollar bill and laid it on the mantel. The nurse smiled.

"Oh, yes! Not yet."

"Oh, yes! You are safe; you have seen the office; your money is waiting—But what security have I?—Either you settle right here now—or I go to the C— and L— office and tell the whole yarn. That wouldn't be nice, would it?"

The son of a man with brains—though a long time. The cab rattled on.

"Well?" asked Tipton, impatiently. "Which do you choose?"

Riggs jerked out the money.

"Now," he said, contemptuously, "you trusted a chum of an old man; would you mind leaving me to myself?"

"Not at all," said Tipton, cheerily, stopping the cab. "Just what I was about to suggest." He got out. "Glad to have done you a service, Mr. Riggs," he said, and hurried away.

Riggs went to the mining office. The door was open. He entered. In the two hours he had left the clerks, officials, typewriters, desks and tables—all had disappeared.

In a cab he dashed back to the hotel. The nurse, the solemn physician, the dying old man—vanished.

And the reputable young Mr. Riggs tore his hair.

This story I had straight from Tipton's lawyer. The trap had been prepared carefully, by weeks of hard daily work. In twelve years he piled up some ten hundred thousand. He is now in Sing Sing.—LaFollette's.

## Growth of Cuba.

R. P. Cane, resident consular agent of Cuba for Louisville, Ky., has received some interesting statistics on Cuban growth and progress. At present the total population is put at 2,048,000, divided as follows: Males, 1,074,532 and females, 973,008. Referring to the last census, that of 1907, the increase in eight years has been 20.28 per cent. Many municipalities show phenomenal increase, and only one a loss, the city of Cardenas, which had thirty less inhabitants than in 1899. Five cities increased 50 per cent. Nuevitas, La de Pinos, Viñales, Ranchito Veloz and Sagua la Grande. Twenty-five cities increased from 10 to 25 per cent. Twenty-nine cities increased from 25 to 50 per cent. Thirteen cities increased from 50 to 75 per cent. Seven cities increased from 75 to 100 per cent. Matanzas, in Pinar del Rio, increased 107 per cent. Mayaguez, in Oriente, increased 188 per cent.

The last two are, respectively, the extreme west and the extreme east of the island, and the increases are accounted for by an increased development of the cultivation of tobacco and the colonization in the Bay of Nipe in districts formerly very sparsely inhabited.

## Naming Their Children.

It was a musical man who gave his four daughters the following names: Do-re, Mi-fa, So-la, Ti-do. The first escaped with the nickname Dora, the second answered Mi-fy, the third owned up to So-ly, while the youngest generally got Tiddy.

The case of the musical man is matched by that of the provincial printer who named his children from the type fonts he used—Ruby, Pearl, Diamond. The first two are no uncommon names for girls, only Ruby happened to be a boy. He followed in his father's footsteps and afterward became a printer's manager in London.—London Chronicle.

## Sympathy of the Flowers.

More or less credence is still given in England to the old belief in the sympathy of the vegetable kingdom for human suffering. "I prayed all night," writes a gardener whose employer was very sick, "and the flowers on my window sill drooped, and I said to myself they were dead. But toward morning they picked up, and I was sure enough the master was better. And the same thing had happened to the flowers I had sent to his bedroom. They were dying, and they came to life again. And I knew when those flowers picked up that the master was better."

## Arab Steeds as Churns.

The noble Arabian steed is sometimes put to ignoble uses. A traveler with locomotive ideas said: "I have heard of the Arabian horse's beauty, its docility, its intelligence, its endurance. Did you know that it churned the family butter? Among the desert tribes when butter is needed the milk is put in a sheepskin bag and tied by a short rope to the horse's saddle. The horse is then urged into a trot, and the milk is kept up until the milk in the sheepskin is joggled into butter. A fine, firm, smooth butter it is."

He (just rejected)—I shall never marry now.

She—Foolish man! Why not?

He—If you won't have me, who will?—Bowen Transcript.

"Has she been in society very long?"

"I don't think so. It seems to be a positive effort for her to be rude."—Cleveland Leader.

"Robbie," said the visitor, "have you any little brothers and sisters?"

"No," replied wee Robbie; "I'm all the children we've got."

## Teaching Horses to Jump.

There are three methods of teaching a horse to leap—coaxing, lunging and driving. In the coaxing method the young horse is turned into a small paddock having a low hedge or hurdle across the center. In plain view of the pupil a rider on a veteran jumper should take him over the hurdle several times.

The latter then goes to the opposite side with a measure of corn or oats and calls the horse, shaking up the grain and pouring it with his hand back and forth in the receptacle. The boundary will soon be cleared, and when a few mouthfuls have been eaten the station of the instructor should be at the other side of the hurdle and the lesson repeated. If this be done daily the hurdle may be gradually heightened.

The habit of jumping is thus acquired without those risks which attend a novel performance when a heavy burden oppresses the strength and whip and spur distract the attention. The horse's body, says Country Life in America, is not partially disabled by the imposition of a heavy load before the powers are taxed to the utmost and his capabilities are unfettered.

The sound method is termed lunging. A long rein or cord is attached to the bit, and the animal is exercised in a circle in which a hurdle has been placed or a shallow ditch dug. A long lashed whip, used only to keep him in motion or lightly applied at the proper moment, will keep him up to his work. Soon the horse will enter into the spirit of the occasion and by unmistakable signs will manifest his enthusiastic enjoyment of the exercise.

The third method, driving, is exactly what its name implies. At first the obstruction should be slight. Any open space will answer the purpose, an earth or sod surface or tankard being preferable. Long reins, a straight bar or snaffle bit, a long whip and patience and perseverance are required.

All things considered, the driving method is the quickest and surest way of teaching the horse to leap. When he has become somewhat proficient, having thoroughly learned what is required of him, the saddle may be called into requisition and the practical lessons begun.

Almost any young horse can be taught to leap. Of course his proficiency will depend on the care bestowed on his training, and on his general characteristics of wind, limb and nerve. An ordinary bob or Morgan hunter will attain the proficiency of an Irish hunter, but any horse that is used for a saddle will be of far greater value to his owner if he can be taken occasionally for a cross country ride and put over ditches and low obstructions.

## Oil in Hair a Betrayer.

"Tell the lady we can't take that hat back. It's been worn," said the manager of a department store, handing a fragile creation of lace and feathers back to the saleswoman after examining it carefully.

"Will you tell me how you discovered that fact?" asked a curious bystander.

"By the sense of smell," replied the manager. "The peculiarity of man's hair oil—the oil that is in the hair—is that its color is imparted to anything it comes in contact with, and, although there wasn't a spot on that hat, I knew it had been worn by this slight odor which had clung to the lining. The purchaser of that extravagant bit of millinery probably couldn't afford anything so expensive—wanted to cut a dash at the opera with her best young man perhaps, trusting to exchange the hat the next day for a tailor-made suit or something she really needed."—New York Press.

## "Home, Sweet Home."

"Home, Sweet Home," Payne's song, was originally a number in the opera "Clara, the Maid of Milan," a production brought out in 1825. The opera was a failure, and in 1829, the song was known of it save the one song, which became instantly popular. Over 100,000 copies were sold in the first year of its publication, and the sale in one form or another has been constant ever since the first appearance of this beautiful folk song and was adapted to the words by Payne himself.

## Taking It Too Literally.

"What do you mean, sir," roared an irate father to a rejected suitor for the hand of his daughter, "by bringing your pertinacious to my house and ordering a room?"

"I'm adopted as one of the family," answered the young man coolly. "Your daughter said she would be a sister to me!"

Mrs. Allgall.

"Who's the woman who calls every day to use our telephone?"

"The one who complained because our children take a short cut through her yard on their way to school,"—Cleveland Leader.

## Cause and Effect.

The Earl of Epsom (dreamily)—What I just had or million and ten years ahead of me.

Baron Beaulieu—Well, you grab the million and you'll get the ten years all right, all right.—Puck.

"Some interloper snorer took an' turned off the collection hat las' meetin' day," said Brother Dickey, "an' I well knows dat of dar was no such place ez hell de good Lawd would make one for dat snorer."

"Was there much money in the hat?"

"No, sah; day warn't so much ez a brass button in it."

"Then why are you so mad about it?"

"Hit was my hat," he said.—Atlanta Constitution.

"Did Brown leave a will?"

"Yes, indeed. And a very wise one, too."

"Is that so?"

"Yes; he left the majority of his property to the lawyers and carfare to his relatives, thereby arriving at the same result and saving his relatives much needless worry."—Detroit Free Press.

Office Boy—Here's a lady what insists on seeing you! She's awful excited.

Editor—Then escort her to the composing room, you idiot!

## CASTORIA.

It's the hand that rings your door bell when you're alone in the bath and just starting to take a bath.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

What do they mean by the band of doom?

It's the hand that rings your door bell when you're alone in the bath and just starting to take a bath.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## Pigeons as Messengers.

Pretty pigeons of Australia carry packages and messages between Hobart and Mastbury Island light-house, a distance of about seventy-five miles. Last November they carried a physician for a lighthouse attendant and probably saved his life. Three birds are liberated with messages every three weeks, and when accident or illness occurs three additional birds are set free. Twelve birds in all are used for the service. While messages have not always reached their destination, the service has nevertheless been highly satisfactory. The messages are written on a piece of paper tied under the bird's wing, but the marine board has in view some celluloid cases which may be adjusted under the bird's wing and in which a good deal of information might be carried.

The birds are fed on gray peas of good quality, get plenty of grit and fresh water and are kept thoroughly clean. They are also allowed at their station plenty of opportunity for useful plenty. That Mastbury Island lighthouse, which has a most isolated position, could secure a physician from Hobart sixteen hours after he had been sent for by pigeon post has suggested important possibilities for more general use of homing pigeons for such service. Trophies are to be provided for homing competitions, so as to encourage owners to breed the best descriptions of carriers. There are about 20,000 of these birds in Australia.—Chicago Tribune.

## Fleece Destroyers.

Beavers have been accumulating in the State to such an extent that they have destroyed property to some extent and the owners of the property have had to apply to the game commissioners' office for permits to kill them.

Anthony Sweeney, a wealthy cattleman, living fifteen miles up Brush Creek from Gypsum, Col., secured a permit recently and brought in ten hides a few days ago. He built a half-mile fence from quaking aspen last fall on one portion of his ranch, but the winter being long the beavers' supply of food ran out. They sailed forth and found that fence a tempting morsel. Every post was cut off close to the ground and the beavers then cut the rails into short lengths, stowing them in their huts until they were ready to eat the bark. Then they carried the wood out and floated it down stream.

A Mrs. Bond, living half a mile below Blue in Platte Canon, also secured a permit to kill a beaver colony on her place. She planted a handsome grove of shade trees a few years ago and they are now in a flourishing condition; but a colony of beavers built a dam in the Platte during the late winter and they turned upon stealing her vine, soft shade trees unless she stands over them with a club nearly all the time.—Denver Republican.

## A Stop Watch.

"Having a stop watch," says the man who has just bought one, "reveals a whole lot of ways of ambling yourself that you'd hardly think of before."

"Since I've had a watch I've been able to walk away a lot of time—not a pun, either. For instance, walking in the city where the numbered blocks make calculating easy, I am continually holding the watch on my pedestrian efforts."

"I figure first how long it takes me to walk a block. Going at top speed so that some folks think I'm mad, I have been able to do eighty-eight yards in twenty-nine and two-fifths seconds, or about seven miles an hour."

"Then, of course, I time all intermediate distances up to a mile. I've learned pretty well just what four miles an hour means, and I want to tell you that folks who speak so glibly about doing that ought to hold a watch on their performances to see what it means."

"The other day I got up a few sprint races between some boys just so I could time their running. I find there's a lot of fun, too, in making imaginary bets with myself how long it will take me to catch up with some one else walking in the same direction or how long it will be before a car gets to a certain crossing."

"Also a stop watch is a great thing for thinking how long you can hold your breath."—New York Sun.

## Horse Notes.

A horse suffering from colic should be kept quiet.

A horse is more liable to scare with than without blinders.

The age for working a colt varies with size, strength and maturity.

It is easier to keep a team in good condition than to make it so.

In training a colt do not make any of its lessons too long and wearisome.

As a rule, a horse broad in the forehead will be intelligent and kind.

A good growth the first year of the life of a colt costs less than at any other age.

One objection to working horses in the rain is the increased liability of sore shoulders.

Scant rations of good food are much better than lavish feeding of inferior provender.

No horse is of much account if he has not a level head and a good, vigorous constitution.

It is better to feed judiciously than plentifully. Many horses are fed into a poor condition.

The feet of a horse must be kept clean and in a healthy condition if he is to do the best service.

## An Elephant Experience.

A friend of mine told me of a curious experience. He was carefully stalking a big bull elephant in a large herd, when they got his wind, and a big young elephant charged him. He jumped behind a large tree as the elephant reached him, and, being unable to stop himself in time, the elephant drove her tusks with such force into the trunk of the tree that they snapped off close to her head. The elephant was stunned for a moment, but luckily turned and galloped after the fast retreating herd, leaving him the possessor of some eighty pounds of ivory valued at about \$250.—Circles Magazine.

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## Eccentric Henry Cavendish.

Whenever Henry Cavendish entertained his guests he would always give them the same fare—a leg of mutton. A story goes that one day when four friends were coming it was asked him what should be ordered for dinner. He answered, "A leg of mutton." "Sir," was the reply, "that will not be enough for five." "Well, then, get two," said the host. When this gentleman died he was the largest holder of bank stock in England. He owned £1,157,000 in different public funds, besides freehold property of £3,000 a year and a balance of £50,000 on account. This large income was allowed to accumulate without attention. On one occasion, when the bankers had in hand a balance of £80,000, they thought it well to acquaint Mr. Cavendish with the fact.

"If it is any trouble to you I will take it out of your hands. Do not come here to plague me." "Not the least trouble to us, sir, but we thought you might like some of it to be invested." "Well, what do you want to do?" "Invest it." "Do so, do so, and do not come here to bother me or I'll remove it," was the cheerful finale of the interview. Cavendish was seventy-eight years of age when he died in 1810, and he had never changed the fashion of his dress for sixty years.—London Graphic.

## Puzzle for the Policeman.

An amusing accident happened on one occasion to Dr. Clifford when he was conducting a series of services in Birmingham. Arriving a few minutes before the commencement, the doctor was refused admission by the policeman at the door.

"I want to go in," said Dr. Clifford.

"Are you a cat holder?" asked the official.

"No, I am not."

"Then you can't go in."

"I think," remarked the famous passive resister, "that there will be room for me in the pulpit."

"I am not so sure of it," retorted the other.

"But I am Dr. Clifford; and I am due to preach in another minute and a half."

"Oh, are you?" said the incredulous policeman. "I have let in two Dr. Cliffords already."—Woman's Life.

## One Use for Matches.

A clerk in the black goods department of a Broadway store put a box of safety matches in his pocket before leaving home.

"They'll come in handy for my customers," he said, "not to light cigars or cigarettes—my customers don't smoke in the store—but to test the goods they buy. No doubt their trick is unedifying. Even my have tested fig leaves just that way to the garden of Eden for all I know; but, no matter how old fashioned it makes a person seem, there are plenty of women who will not buy a piece of cloth without setting a lighted match to one of the threads to see whether it burns or not. If the thread burns, the cloth is part cotton, and the shopper won't buy it. If it doesn't burn, it's all wool, and she buys."—New York Globe.

## Mother Shipton's Prophecy.

Mother Shipton's prophecy was first published in 1818 and recited in 1861. It must be confessed that the greater part of it has already been fulfilled. It is no doubt caused a good many to think of things they would have thought of if they had been written. These are Mother Shipton's words:

Carriages without horses shall go. And accidents all the world withal. Around the world thoughts shall fly. In the twinkling of an eye. Waters shall yet more waters do. Now strange shall yet be true. The world upside down shall lie. And gold be found at root of tree. Horses shall not now be scarce. And no horse or man shall ride. Under the water men shall walk. Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk. In the air men shall be seen. In water to black and green. Iron in the water shall float. As easy as a wooden boat. Gold shall be found and shown—In land that is not now known. Fire and waters shall wonders do. England shall at last admit a Jew. The world to an end shall come. In eighteen hundred and eighty-one.

## When Mother Goes Away.

Says

